The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1701 AUG. 27, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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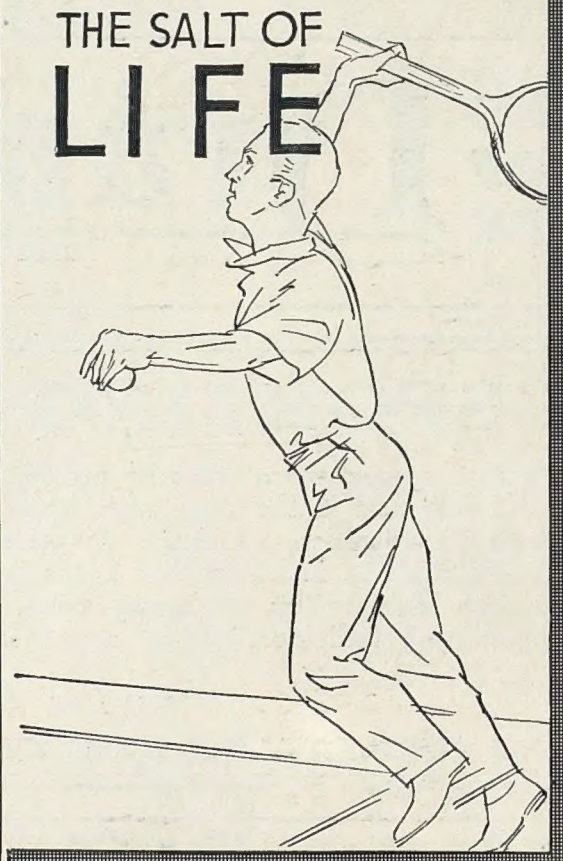

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 27, 1932

AFTERMATH OF MANŒUVRES

Prince George Discusses with his Pilot the Experience of being Lost in the Fog for an Hour

When the Prince of Wales and Prince George visited the Mediterranean Fleet at Corfu, they took the air to watch therefrom the aerial attack which formed the *pièce de résistance* of the exercises. After it was over, the 'plane bearing the Prince of Wales got back to the aircraft carrier *Glorious* just as a bank of fog immersed the boat; but Prince George's machine, piloted by Flight-Lieutenant Constable Roberts, became "lost" for an hour, during which *Glorious* sailed about with a destroyer escort trying to find a clear patch; telephonic conversation was maintained with the machine. Other 'planes were similarly "marooned" in the air. On its eventual emergence into clear weather, Prince George's 'plane was the first of the machines still up to land. Both scions of our Royal House were (characteristically enough) amused at the adventure

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

NO MORE STUNT FLYING: Mr. J. A. Mollison and Mrs. Mollison (Miss Amy Johnson) shake hands just before the start of Mr. Mollison's double Atlantic flight, one half of which (the more difficult half) has, as we go to press, been triumphantly concluded. The aerial couple have pledged each other that, this flight concluded, they will go in for no more long-distance or "stunt" flights

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, August 24, 1932.

AN EMPIRE RATIONALIZED.—This is Mr. Baldwin's hour. He has waited for it with restraint and in silence, while his colleagues in the National Government won their laurels in Europe. If Mr. MacDonald goes down best in the deliberations of Europe, Mr. Baldwin is the man for Imperial Conferences. He is the Premier of Empire, as his cousin, Kipling, is the Poet of Empire. He is very much a man and a brother among Dominion statesmen. His task was by no means mere good fellowship. He had need to call on all his reserves of diplomacy, tact, and experience of men in industrial negotiations. The Imperial Conference has achieved solid results exceeding expectation, but it was none the less conducted, as I anticipated, on the lines of an industrial dog-fight with a variegated crowd of backers cheering or growling in the ring. A suave, diplomatic dog-fight, but a dog-fight none the less. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues return bearing sheaves. Australia, Newfoundland, South Africa, India, Southern Rhodesia are among the bilateral agreements reached by easy stages. Canada came into the net at the eleventh hour, and gains solid advantages if her Government critics can be brought to see them.

In the question of meat, a betrayal of South America—where British capital is frozen stiffer than Argentine beef—was implied in the original Dominion demands and, from the British viewpoint, was not to be thought of. A happy compromise was reached. It was in the Canadian negotiations that the way out was most difficult to find in the tangle of conflicting interests. The crux was the stumbling block of the Russian Trade Agreement. The whole principle of foreign dumping of cheap materials and goods was directly opposed to the chief objective of the Ottawa Conference—namely, to raise the price of commodities. Russia is not the only offender, but she is alone in this, that, to attain a definite object, she has abandoned all economic standards in the fixing of prices and is able, therefore, to abolish competition. Wheat and timber—her two principal commodities—are also Canada's chief products and the effect of her policy on Canadian exports is ruinous. Hence Canada's obstinacy in respect of the Russian Trade Agreement. England's position in regard to this agreement was not so easily defined. While the value of the Agreement to England is not apparent from trade statistics—exports to Russia being less than a quarter the value of imports from Russia—yet England is by no means unanimous in the view that the Agreement should be revised. It cannot in any case be varied except after six months' notice. And if revised or cancelled, the probable reply by Russia will be the repudiation of her obligations under the Exports Credits Guarantee. And beyond this there are solid British interests employing large numbers of Englishmen working under British Government guarantees whose whole existence is bound up in the continuance and in the honouring of this Russian Trade Agreement. This briefly but fairly clearly explains the pessimistic views expressed concerning the chance of reaching a satisfactory formula between Canada and the mother country. That formula was reached at last, but it is right to add that it leaves a good deal still to be settled on both sides of the Atlantic. British traders must whistle for a wind from the Canadian Tariff Board, and Mr. Bennett must wait and see what the Mother of Parliaments can do about Russia.

ROAD AND RAIL.—We may heave a sigh of relief over one important revelation in the Rail and Road Transport Conference report. *The findings are unanimous.* Having regard to the animosity with which certain road-haulier interests will view some of the drastic recommendations, this is a vitally important fact. Road transport generally is for ever estopped from turning back in their tracks or nullifying the splendid advance made. Their own accredited representatives on this Conference have accepted the principles at last that:

(*a*) Certain classes of freight are unfit for the road and must be left to the railways.

(*b*) Certain roads are unfit for the heavier vehicles.

(*c*) There are already far too many vehicles on the roads.

(*d*) The road haulage industry needs drastic regulation and inspection.

(*e*) Commercial vehicles which escape the petrol tax must, by other forms of taxation or licensing, henceforth pay their share of the upkeep of the roads.

These are items which the great majority of the nation has long since accepted as demanding the tardy justice of regulation. And in this an inborn sense of justice marches with self-interest, for a big proportion of the nation's savings is fading away in the drooping securities of the railways which have long been suffered to perish from rank unfairness. But long and bitter must be the struggle; obstinate the obstruction of various classes of road users whose total contribution to the upkeep of the roads is to be increased to £60,000,000 a year. Commercial vehicles must find (if the report be ultimately adopted after a joint committee has torn it into fragments) another £2,500,000 a year, and the bulk of this sum will fall on steam and fuel-oil vehicles. The present taxation system on a petrol basis is acknowledged on all hands as antiquated and unfair.

A LEAGUE OF SANE NATIONS.—The smallest social unit is the microcosm of the largest. Into the experience of a small family circle come all the problems and differences which affect the peace and mutual understanding of nations. The clash of opinions, creeds, and interests; the jealousies and suspicions and misunderstandings. The tragic development of events in Ireland suggests to us what may at a not far future date occur in the larger sphere of international relations. Ireland is disintegrating into chaos and cliques as a result of the abandonment of constitutional methods of government. She is faced with internal guerilla warfare by armed cliques, very much as China has for decades been rent. She is deteriorating to the disorder and insecurity of a lesser South American State. In these circumstances it is not surprising if the saner elements in Southern Ireland take their own measures to conserve their rights and to preserve as far as may be what they conceive to be the vital institutions of a civilized State. To-day in the larger international field the same causes of disorder, the same obstructions in the path to world peace, are observable. There are nations resolved still by a majority voice to preserve in their dealings the old high standards and traditions of honour and order, and there are nations whose destinies have fallen into the hands of a majority which has abandoned those standards. And these last stand as a perpetual obstruction to the re-establishment of the world on an economic and peaceful basis. The ideal of a League of Nations is rightly to bring the whole world in. But if the elements of disorder among the nations much longer obstruct that urgently important task, it may well be that the next stage will be the formation of a League of sane and orderly nations, and the division of civilization into rights and lefts. The state of the world to-day gives little hope of a world settlement. Compared with the chaos of Germany, Ireland, China, and several South American States, Russia appears in a favourable light to-day. The saner elements in our world cannot wait for ever. These elements are powerful and numerous enough to work out together the economic and political salvation of the best part of the earth, and that work must soon be taken in hand. The black sheep of the family must be cast out. He cannot for ever destroy the peace and happiness of his home.

THE UNIVERSAL MEDIUM.—The journal which can show a guaranteed circulation of 2,000,000 readers is not only a powerful force in the country but can dictate its advertising rates. It is a power—for good or evil according to the natures of those who direct its policy. A power to be reckoned with either way, a power to be blessed or cursed. Radio has become in a few years a force of this kind, of a magnitude transcending any journal or journalistic group. Five million licences are taken out every year and that implies not fewer than 15,000,000 of habitual listeners and incidentally a gross annual income for the Corporation of more than £2,000,000 a year. Here then is a power to be reckoned with and by all means to be controlled. A power we must continue to bless and never learn to curse. It seems to me, when I realize the appalling influence which a base newspaper with 1,000,000 circulation could exert, that the direction of the B.B.C. is a post of even greater importance than that of Premier.

P.C. M.F.H.—It must be a very long time since a Minister of the Crown has been an M.F.H. Lord Irwin, Minister of Education, is to act this season as joint Master of the Middleton. This is the Palmerston touch, the Lord George Bentinck touch, and it appeals to me. For so long our Ministers have lost their moral courage; in their dread of what Democracy will say, they have played somewhat hypocritical parts. It is refreshing to find an M.F.H. among Labour Ministers and indeed to have in the Government a man who appeals to so many sections of the public as does Lord Irwin. A good churchman, a good sportsman, a good mixer, a good citizen, he at least has no need to conceal his tastes as though they were vices. Our genius for governing (which we have lost long since) was, of course, the Palmerston genius, the reckless, devil-may-care, let-them-talk spirit of a statesman who believed in his ability to guide the destinies of the country, Half our troubles, half our extravagance, to-day are due to dread of criticism felt by Ministers. A misplaced dread. At heart your ultra-socialist, if he is an Englishman, likes his political leader to show moral courage, even to enjoy unafraid his favourite sports, even if they are the aristocratic sports of hunting and racing. The love of horseflesh is in our blood and is stronger than politics. And long may it remain so. The affection which Lord Birkenhead retained in the public heart all through his career was due as much to his hatred of hypocrisy and to his moral courage as to his wonderful brain and loyalty to his friends. He changed his seat from the Woolsack to the saddle when the vacation came round and cared nothing for the criticism of Stiggins.

NEW ENGLANDVILLE-ON-SEA.—By taking a part of my holiday at the sea, for the first time in twenty years, I have discovered more about the changed face of England and her social life than in the past two decades. In a few short years of generally inclement summers the sea coasts of

sletter

England have been discreetly converted into beach villages sufficient to accommodate half the population of these islands. It is the same all over the country; and the neighbourhood of Lymington, Hants, gives examples of all types of these settlements. At the west end of Milford-on-Sea, you get the hutments of the upper classes. Standing shoulder to shoulder, these are furnished simply but completely on the utilitarian principle and are used as bathing machines were used, as kitchenettes for *al fresco* meals, and as store-houses for the seaside junk, towels, sand shoes, and children's toys. At the other end of the scale, you find the more "popular" and more permanently-used sea villages such as you may "discover" at the world's end villages of Calshot and its neighbours on Southampton Water. Here the huts are residential. There are heavy leather armchairs, card tables, wireless aerials, bookshelves, gutters and pipes and raised wooden paths. The tradesmen call, the milkman goes his rounds, and the shingle is cemented with old newspapers and cartons. At Keyhaven, between Milford and Lymington, you find two intermediate types of sea village. There is the superior-popular—putting greens, miniature golf, minstrels, car parks, muslin curtains, and barbed wire entanglements. And the inferior-popular—an *al fresco* affair of rude shacks, bicycle racks, manly chests and undress anywhere, cheap gramophones and knee deep litter. And this tiny corner of England is the whole sea-coast in microcosm. Half the householders in England have a seaside villa and all the joys it brings to cement their roots in England and to enhance the value of their heritage. And this miracle has been wrought in a few years of chilly summers. But how do these villa-owners endure a spell of bad weather?

WIGHT REVISITED.—We shall be ungrateful, indeed, if during the next wet spell we forget this summer, and especially this August. Surely no one but Piccard thought to escape from our benign heat wave. I chose the pearl in the necklace of lovely days to take ship once more from Lymington in a vessel outward bound for Yarmouth (I.W.). You may talk of your Mediterranean, your Porto Fino, your Bay of Naples, your Adriatic; but upon my soul, given perfect summer weather, it is difficult to beat that twenty minute sea voyage from Lymington to the Isle of Wight. The Lymington regatta was in full swing. The 8-metre class, like graceful swans, floated serenely on a tropical lagoon; the little fry, like swansdown on a millpond, followed one another down the channel and held up our "liner" as a matter of course. Launches and steam yachts, gaily decked with bunting, stretched out into the open Solent. Hurst Castle, like a fort in Grecian waters, rose as a dream island from the faint blue mist, and the old grey walls and red roofs of Yarmouth drew nearer as the scarlet sails of a couple of fishing smacks crossed our bows. We landed and drove through the deep lanes, bright with wild flowers, to Freshwater, saw Tennyson's Farringford in a new guise, as a museum, complete with car park, open to the poetically-minded public, and went on to Freshwater Bay with its cliffs of dazzling white and chrome yellow, and its water as blue as any tropical sea; and watched a sun-baked population of naked mulattos turning nigger on rafts, in canoes, on deck chairs and sandy hollows. On such a day this modern Isle of Wight is perfection, and spoilt only by one disastrous innovation. Uncontrolled, its narrow winding roads are blocked and imperilled by hundreds of broad-beamed charabancs which force their juggernaut way across the island, bringing terror to the hearts of motorists and grist to the mills of innkeepers and restaurateurs.

THE HEDGEHOG AND OTHERS.—Last week the status of the hedgehog and his rights as a citizen were discussed and defined in a British police court. The hedgehog in question was roughly trampled on and killed by the defendant, who contended that it was but vermin. The Bench thought otherwise and imposed a fine. The Bench throughout the land is too apt to adopt the same rule in the case of the road-hog, a creature far more dangerous and more inherently verminous. The two cases are not on all fours. The decision is right in respect of the hedgehog. The road-hog should be stamped on without penalty and stamped out without delay. Until we class the road-hog as vermin and exterminate him there will be no security for the citizens on the road nor for the folk in the hedge. The menace of the road bandit is a mere trifle compared with that of the road-hog.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE NORTHERN VISIT: The King and Queen were officially welcomed to Aberdeen *en route* to Balmoral, by the magistrates of the city. The station where the reception was held was gaily decorated with tartan and bunting. Balmoral affords our incredibly hard-working Royal Family a real rest after the strain of the year's round. The Northern visit is also, of course, a matter for great joy in the "land of the mountain and the flood"

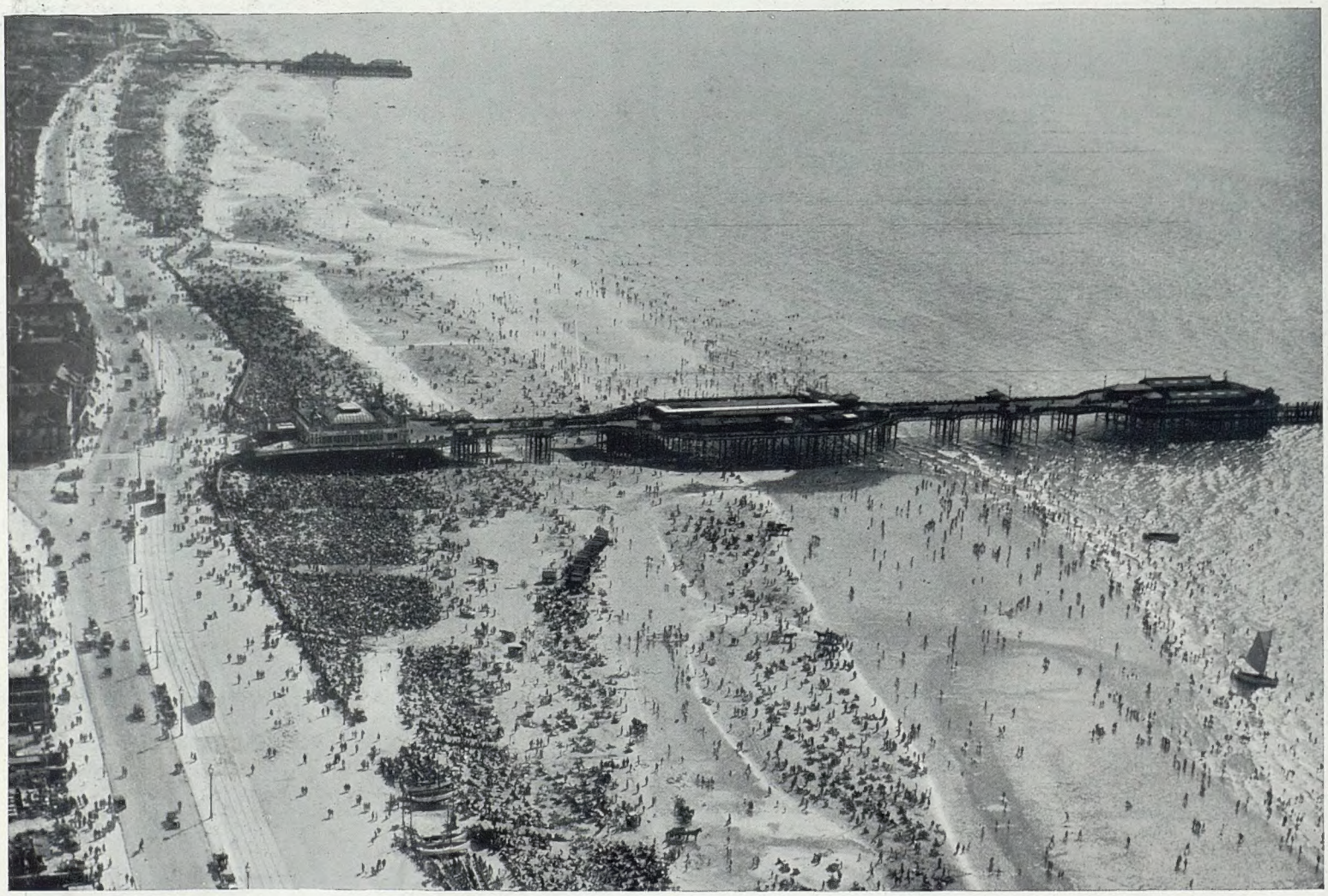
TANK MANŒUVRES: Light tanks were taken across the Basingstoke Canal between Reading and Aldershot during the 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment manœuvres on an end-loading ferry of folding boats—one of the new methods evolved by the new mechanical forces for bridging small rivers and canals

THE TRIUMPHAL RETURN: Lord Kylsant, who was released a few days ago from Wormwood Scrubbs prison, received an incredible welcome from the tenants who own him as Lord of the Manor. The motor-car bearing Lord and Lady Kylsant from London was towed at the double by the tenants of the great Carmarthenshire estate up to the entrance to the mansion

THE SEASIDE IN THE HEAT-WAVE

THE DINGHIES RACE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S CUP

After Cowes is over, the smaller boats adjourn southward to Torbay, where one of the great events is the Prince of Wales' Cup race for 14 ft. International dinghies, one of the most attractive of yachting fixtures

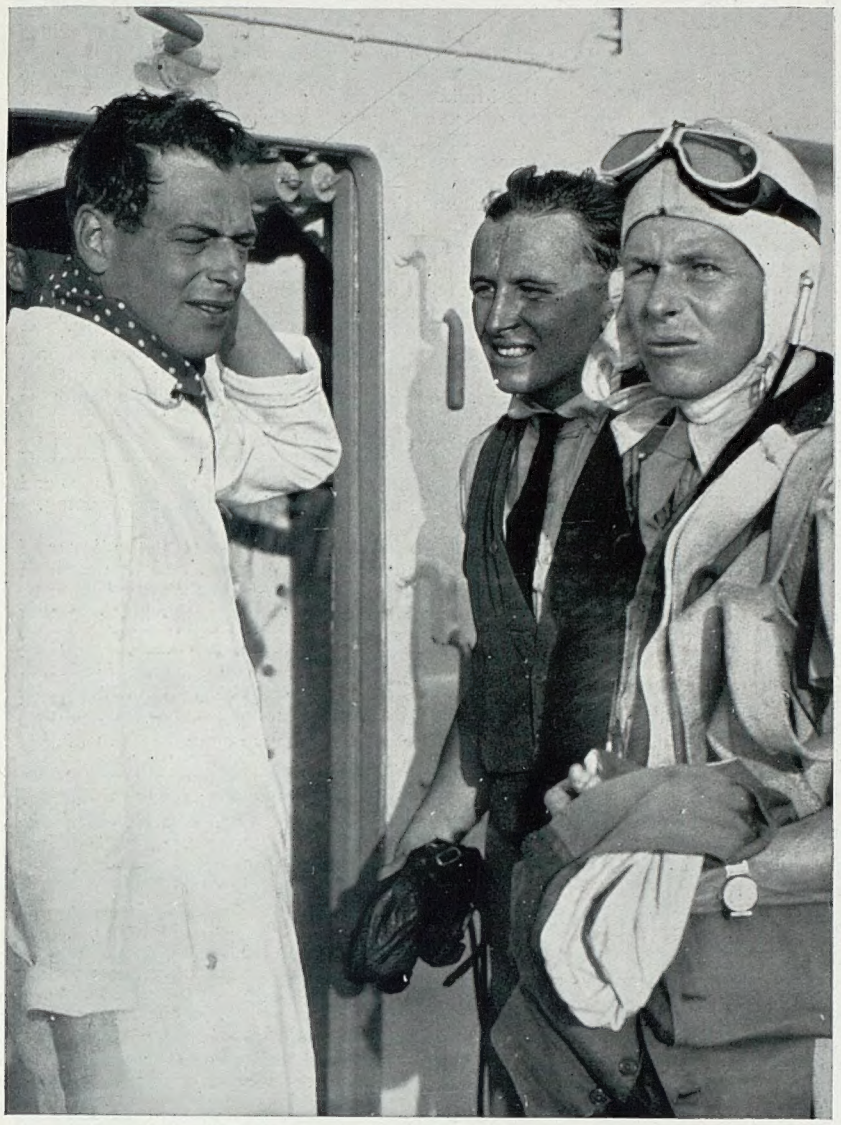


ONE TOUCH OF HEAT-WAVE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD (SKIN)

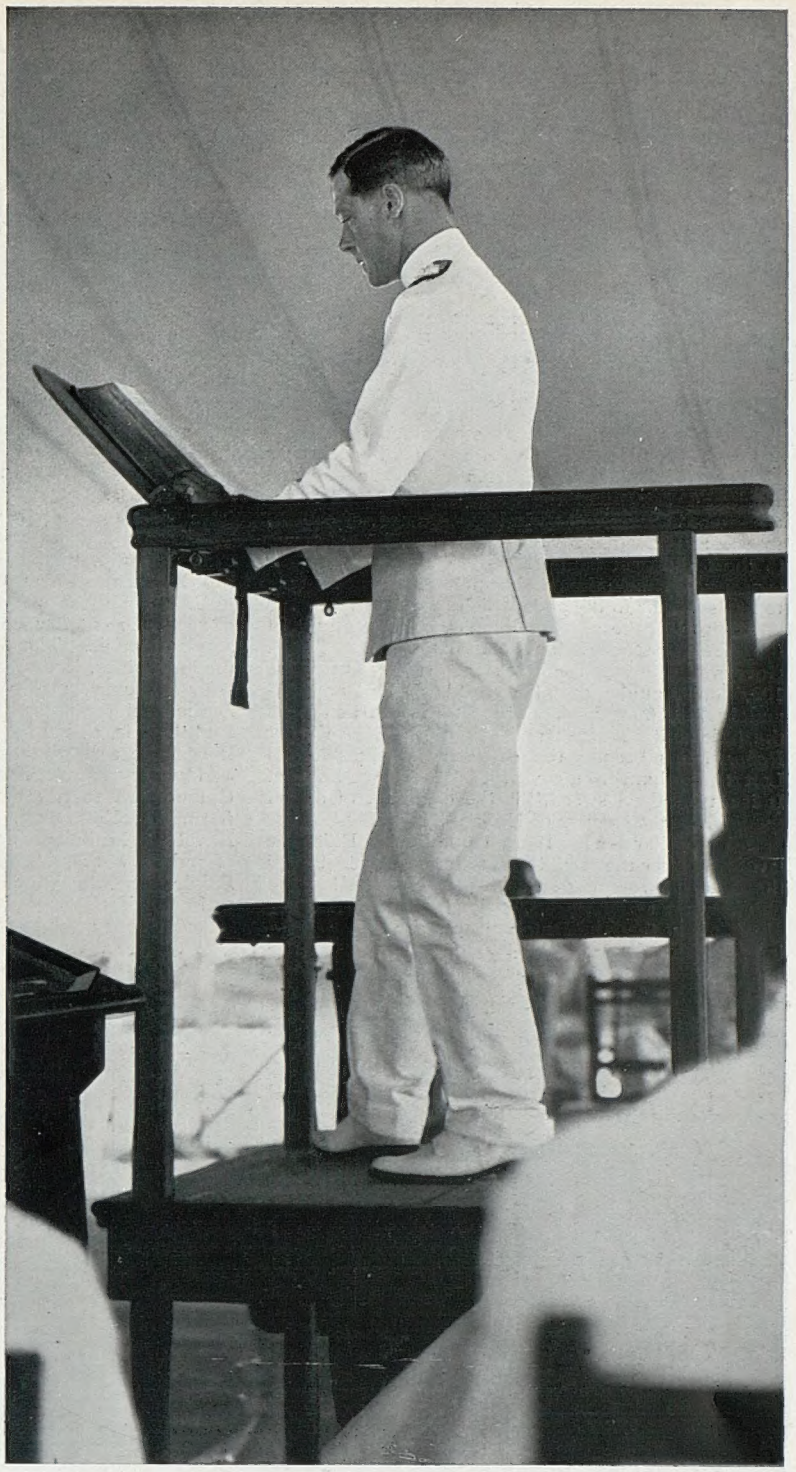
Blackpool is almost American in its holiday-making records, but they were all eclipsed last week-end. The weather itself was a record, while the number of scarlet backs and peeling faces had to be seen to be believed

The PRINCES with the FLEET

Special Pictures of the Prince of Wales and Prince George at the Air Force-cum-Mediterranean Fleet Manœuvres



DISCUSSION AFTER DANGER: Prince George discusses with his pilot, Flight-Lieutenant Constable Roberts (*right*), and his observer, their adventurous flight back to the aircraft carrier *Glorious* after they had watched from the air the aerial attack on the Mediterranean Fleet—a feature of this year's exercises. The Prince's machine was "lost" in dense fog for nearly an hour



READING THE LESSON: The Prince of Wales reads the lesson on Sunday on board *Queen Elizabeth* on the occasion of his visit with his brother, Prince George, to the Mediterranean Fleet at Corfu. T.R.H. were present during the extensive naval and aerial manœuvres held a few days ago

THE EYES OF AUTHORITY: The Prince of Wales and members of the staff watch through high-powered glasses the exercises of the Mediterranean Fleet. They are seen above on board the flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*

WATCHING THE EXERCISES: The Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Admiral Sir Ernle Chatfield, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, on board the flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*. The Prince of Wales is looking through one of the latest double telescopes

HOLLAND Squares Up to the CRISIS

The Two-edged Sword of the Welter Commission by which the Budget of the Netherlands is to be Reduced by 16 per Cent. Analysed

By ROY ELSTON

Wij zijn verarmd! We are beggared!

Such was the pathetic cry of a former Netherlands Finance Minister a few days ago. The Minister-President of the States-General said much the same thing over the wireless, softened, of course, in the manner of Minister-Presidents, by reference to the traditional courage of the people and their capacity, as shown time and again throughout history, to rise superior to the odds which face them.

On top of these forebodings comes the report of the Welter Commission, charged by the Dutch Government with the task of saving at least 100,000,000 gulden out of a total budget of approximately 700,000,000. The report has startled even the phlegmatic Dutch; and *Down With the Welter Report!* has become the battle-cry of the political Left throughout the country. "It is not an axe. It is a two-edged sword," is the comment of one of the leading newspapers of Holland.

All the old cries are being trotted out. Raise the tariff! Lower the tariff! Help the farmer! Spend the unemployment dole on public works! Stop public works and reduce taxation! In short, such a din is about that the Dutch people are beginning to believe that they are, in fact, beggared, and the knowledge that they are in good company brings little comfort, especially as one of the company, by slipping off the gold standard before the Netherlands Bank had time to unload the discredited currency, is partly blamed in some quarters for the economic misfortunes of Holland.

Blessed Holland! Misfortune is relative, and the beggary of the Netherlands would be comparative affluence in its neighbours. I have come from Germany, working up from the manufacturing cities of Bavaria, through agricultural districts to the industrial centres of the Rhineland. I was frequently reminded of deserted mining settlements in Australia; and in the crowded cities the lank atmosphere of want and fear has its parallel only in the years of the War. Through these towns and cities passed a continuous stream of tourist-bearing motor-cars and charabancs with the familiar sign of origin, "N.L." *Netherlands!* The Dutch are beggared; but their beggary still permits them to scatter through the length and breadth of Europe on holiday.

And still, alas! it permits every Dutch householder to possess a wireless receiving set, which commences its blaring with the early milking of the cows and continues until the cat is put out for the night. There are very few Dutch housewives without a Hoover and an automatic washing-machine and very few Dutchmen without a motor-car. The young man who comes to read the gas-meter takes his holidays in Switzerland; and from this same class a Dutch travel club was recently able to fill a steamer with passengers for a cruise to North America and back at a cost per berth of £50!

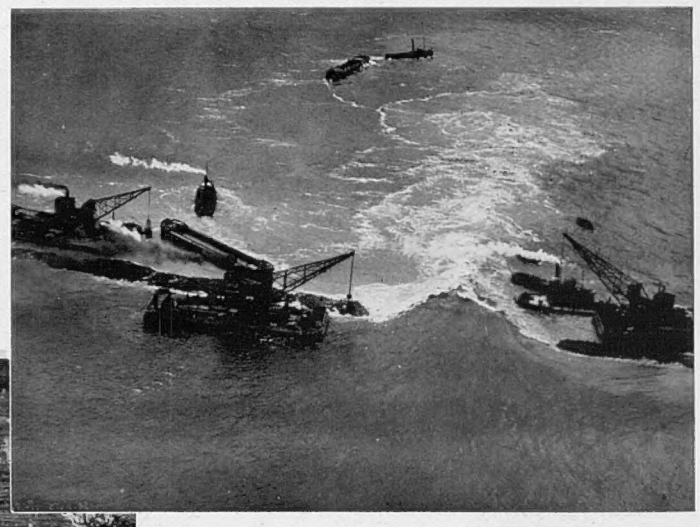
"Practically the same number of Dutch travellers is passing through our office as in former years," said the Amsterdam manager of Cook's. "It represents less money because hotels and railways fares are cheaper." According to a director of one of the biggest department stores in Holland, the turnover in general household merchandise is, if anything, greater than last year; and wherever you go, Dutch builders are still building houses designed for middle and working-class people, and rented at from £1 to 30s. per week. *Wij zijn verarmd!* The former Minister who made that tragic complaint comes from a family of farmers. Perhaps therein lies the source of his pessimism.

Looking at the matter from a purely Dutch point of view, the country is, to be sure, passing through a serious crisis. The fact that it is one with which the authorities, if they choose, should be able effectively to cope, makes it none the less serious. Authorities do not always choose to act sensibly. And there is, of course, always the question of what is sensible and what not. Certain Dutchmen are asking, for example, if it is sensible for the Welter Commission to ask a saving of nearly 15,500,000 florins on Education, and only 7,500,000 on the Naval and Military Estimates? And if the cessation of public works, including the impoldering of the Zuyder Zee, by which 25,000,000 is to be saved, will not add a sum almost as great to the 150,000,000 already spent on the unemployed.

Ducthmen are even writing to their newspapers about what is sensible and what not. That is no normal vice of the Dutch. It has spread from our own country and is, perhaps, the surest sign of crisis. It is not the only feature of the economic malaise which seems to have its prototype on the English side of the North Sea. The report of the Welter Commission itself gives the impression that its authors have studied very closely the distasteful prescriptions of Lord Snowden and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, surely two of the most cold-blooded doctors who ever stood at a distracted patient's bedside.

THE FISHING INDUSTRY has been worse hit by the slump than any other. The juggling of prices by the Government has saved the farmers and may be invoked to save this basic trade

RECLAMATION FROM THE ZUYDER ZEE has been stopped by the economy drive, but the stoppage saves little money, as the men thrown out of work go on to the semi-dole. Workmen are seen above laying the *Wiepen*



"POLDERIZATION" bade fair to bring Holland prosperity, but it has been found too expensive to continue at present. Some eight millions must be knocked off the Dutch budget

The report begins with the statement that 100,000,000 gulden (roughly £8,340,000 at par) must be knocked off the budget. It is a small sum by comparison with the savings demanded from, say, the English Budget; but this is a small country, and 100,000,000 gulden represents about 16 per cent. of the total budget. At the end of the report, the public are warned that there is more to come. They are told, in effect, not to be alarmed at the drastic nature of the cuts contemplated in the first instalment of the report, because the second instalment will give them something to be really alarmed about.

Meanwhile, a saving of nearly 102,000,000 gulden is enough to go on with. Salaries, education, and public works are the principal sufferers. The bulk of the Civil Service and Municipal staffs are to have their salaries reduced by 13 per cent, if unmarried, and by 8 per cent if married, by which a total of 14,500,000 will be saved; other salary cuts are expected to yield over 7,000,000. Education provides 15,500,000; the Department of Defence, 7,500,000; the Department of Labour and Trade, 13,000,000; the Ministry of the Interior, which is recommended to cut unemployment allowances by 15 per cent., 1,700,000; and by reducing the number of law courts throughout the country a saving of over 3,000,000 is anticipated.

Although the report has not yet been adopted as a whole, and is still the subject of passionate discussion in every Municipal Council of Holland, many of the suggestions have already been acted upon. Public works, except where shown to be absolutely essential, have ceased, staffs have been reduced, and already several courts of law have been done away with. It is almost certain that the other recommendations, perhaps modified, will also be adopted in spite of furious Socialist opposition. The Socialists have countered the Welter report with a report of their own, in which they reduce budgetary expenditure by 400,000,000 without touching social services or wages. It is a delightful document, full of the easy quips and cranks which make Socialist literature so diverting.

Thus State and Municipal finances, the latter of which are in a much more serious condition than the former. The finances of the ordinary people have, of course, suffered likewise, though to nothing like the same extent as in other countries of Europe. True, the number of unemployed has recently increased to what, for Holland, are alarming figures; but their support is only partly a responsibility of the State. Church and other voluntary organizations do the rest, contributing a sum not far short of that which the State itself pays out in relief. An unemployed workman receives Government relief for a period according to the length of time during which he has been paying contributions to what is equivalent to an unemployment insurance fund. When that period is up, he receives nothing more from the Government until after he has again been in employ for not less than 160 days. That means, of course, that a tremendous number of unemployed receive nothing at all from the Government. They then fall upon the mercies of such organizations as the recently formed Crisis Committee which is supported by voluntary subscriptions. "Our aim," said one of the members of this Committee, "is as much to find work and to re-establish small tradesmen and craftsmen in business, as it is to pay doles. In fact, the dole system is what we try to avoid."

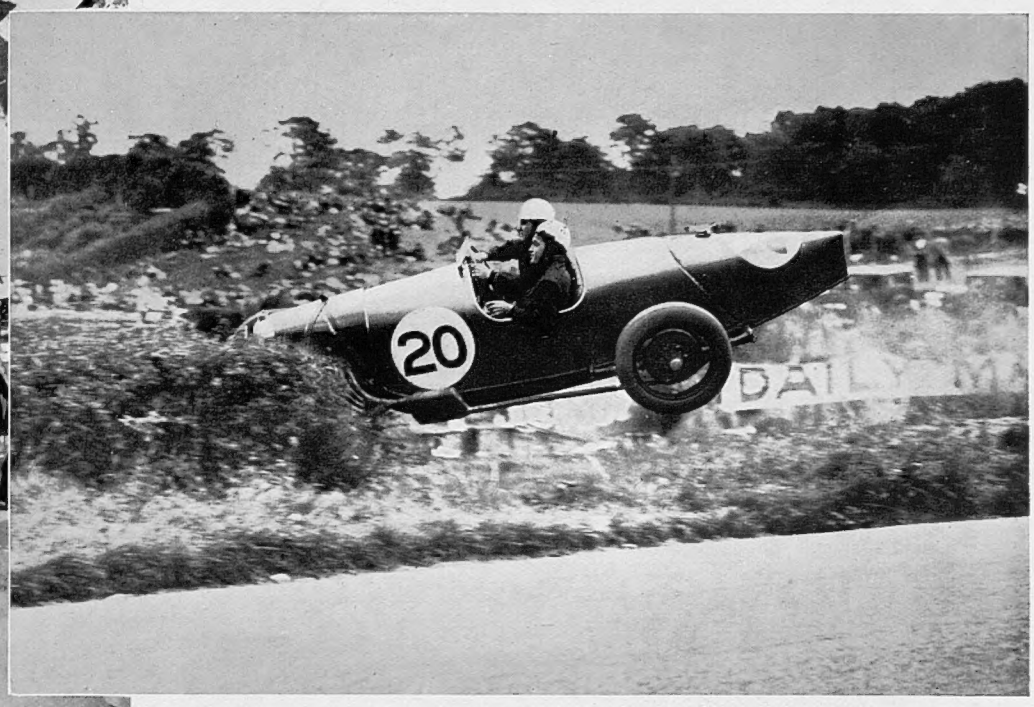
Before any regular contribution is paid to an unemployed man by the Crisis Committee, enquiries are made concerning his near relations who, if earning money, are obliged by law to contribute a small sum, fixed by the Committee. If the total of these contributions is insufficient for the subject's relief, the Crisis Committee makes up the difference.

Until recently, the worst sufferers were the farmers and fishermen. The fishermen are still badly hit, and the important fishing-port of Ijmuiden is choked with laid-up trawlers. Little wonder that these men are angry with the English fish exporters, who, having reached the limit of the quota of fish allowed to be exported from England into France, recently overcame that impediment by sending their fish to Holland and exporting it into France over the Dutch frontier as Dutch fish, by which, of course, the Dutch quota was proportionately reduced. Anyway, fish remains at such an absurdly low price (turbot 6d. a lb. retail, plaice 4d. a lb., sole 5d. a lb.), that it is hardly worth the fisherman's while to lay his nets.

(Continued on p. 326)

THRILLS and SPILLS in the ULSTER T.T. RACE

WARMING UP: A general view of the pits at the moments immediately before the start of the Ulster T.T. on the Ards Circuit, which provided yet another triumph for British motoring



CRASHING WITH A SMILE! Mr. "Freddy" Dixon, the dare-devil motor-cycle T.T. racer who has turned to motoring, had led the field for four hours when, at Quarry Corner, he crashed through the hedge—and enjoyed an almost miraculous escape

WINNER AND RUNNER UP: Mr. C. R. Whitcroft (wreathed in flowers and grime) and Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, both of whom drove Rileys. The winner set up a record average (74·23 m.p.h.) for the race

RACING MOTORISTS WAIT FOR NO CRASH: The stream of cars passing the wrecked M.G. Midget, driven by Major A. Gardner, the lame racing motorist who, at Glen Hill, sustained a compound fracture of his already damaged leg

FIRST AID: Nurses and R.A.C. men carry off Major A. Gardner after his M.G. Midget had overturned on Glen Hill. The driver, who was already lame, escaped with a fractured knee

HELPED OFF: Mr. Len Ainsley, who acted as mechanic to Mr. "Freddy" Dixon, sustained superficial facial injuries when the Riley, which had led the field at a cracking pace for four hours, plunged through the hedge at Quarry Corner

THE SCOTTISH SEASON IN FULL SWING

Shooting Parties and Highland Gatherings Make Scotia a Country of Gaiety

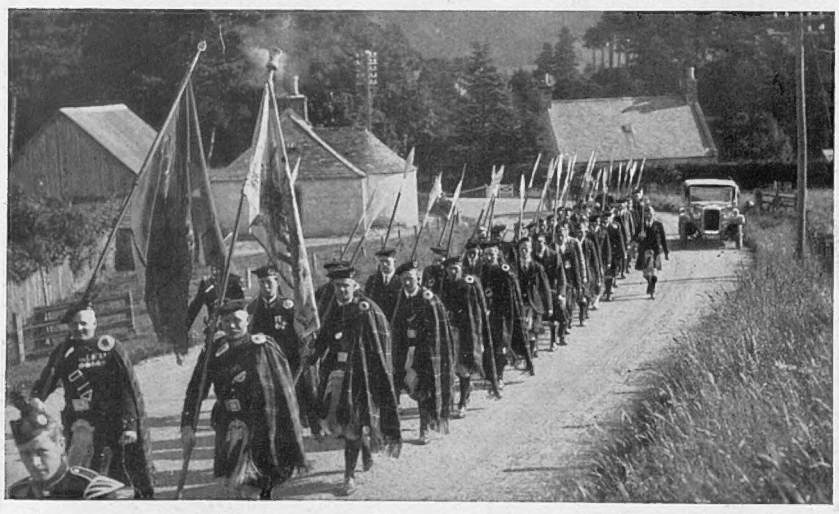
LORD FORRES' PARTY AT ANGUS: Captain McDonald, M.P.; Baron V. Hauser, the Belgian metal magnate; Captain T. Maul-Guthrie Brechin; Captain Van Neck, M.C., Chief Constable of Norfolk; Comte de Genney; M. Dresselhuys, the Liberian Minister; M. Edmond Blanc, of Paris; and Comtesse de Genney

SIR TORQUIL MUNRO'S SHOOTING PARTY: (*Standing*) Mr. Thomas Bentinck, Mr. P. Stormont Darling, Master P. N. Stormont Darling. (*Seated*) Major Greg, Miss Moira Hunter, Sir Torquil Munro, Bart., Mrs. Hunter, Masters Pat and Michael Munro, and Mr. C. C. Grathwaite

THE BEATERS taking to the moors of Angus for the first drive at Lord Forres' shooting party's first outing. Beaters of such youth and, above all, of the fair sex are quite unusual

THE BREADALBANE HIGHLAND GATHERING held at Victoria Park, Aberfeldy, Perth. Provost Haggart, O.B.E., the chairman, is seen with (*left*) Mr. C. J. D. Munro, the secretary, and Bailie Munro, one of the judges

AT GLENISLA HIGHLAND GAMES: Mrs. McLean of Balnaboth, the Hon. Ernest Freeman-Mitford, the Dowager-Countess of Airlie, and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Mitford with two young relatives of Lord Redesdale



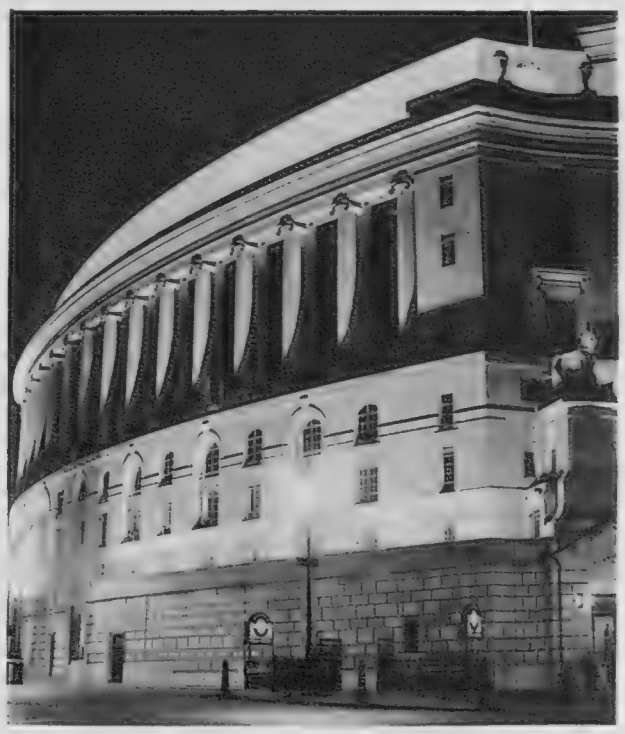
THE LONACH GATHERING: Clansmen marching through a Highland clachan of Aberdeenshire to the gathering which is one of the oldest on the Donside. *On right* Mr. F. L. Wallace of Candacraig welcomes the Lonach clansmen on their way to Strathdon. The clansmen *on right* are seen receiving their customary refreshment

INFRA-RED LONDON: Strange Aspects Revealed

RIGHT ACROSS LONDON: Looking from the Crystal Palace in the tree-embowered suburb of Sydenham over the Thames to Alexandra Palace. The trees appear white, as is usual in infra-red photography. St. Paul's shows up to the right, Unilever House to the left centre. Two men are mowing a lawn in the foreground

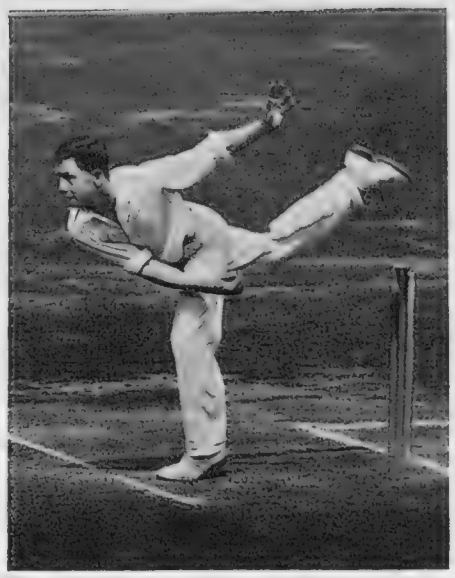
THE NEW WHITE WALLS OF LONDON, seen from Westminster Bridge. A series of new white buildings, beginning with the Shell-Mex building, is now lining the north bank of the Thames. A wonderful panorama is presented in the early evening, when this picture was specially taken for "The Sphere"

FROM TOWER BRIDGE TO GREENWICH: An infra-red vision of trees and dockland, stretching away to Greenwich Palace and the Observatory hill. The background is all tree-embowered from the vicinity of the Tower Bridge

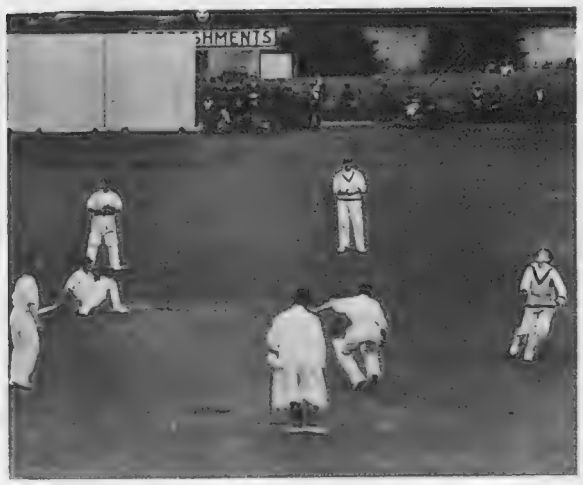


A FLOODLIT RIVER FAÇADE: Unilever House is floodlit at night, from above the stern stonework of the ground floor. The lighting emphasizes the pillared sweep above

A beautiful action picture. The umpire's decision is not in doubt and the expressions of all concerned—the two running batsmen and the serenely confident bowler—reveal their certainty. An instant during the match between Essex and Notts



A bowling style evidently modelled on that of Tate, with plenty of the attacking spirit. C. A. Holliman in the Young Colts' match at Lord's



Another tense moment in the match between Essex and Notts. Here the batsman (Pope) is so overcome by the easy catch, that is going to be accepted by Keeton, that he has fallen down

Here the Yorkshire wicket-keeper appears to be uttering a cry of anguish, but what really happened was that he watched his colleague Mitchell catch Brown. Yorkshire v. Hampshire match

A most unconventional attitude, but A. C. Rhodes managed to get his foot back over the crease and save himself from being stumped, in spite of the slip fielder's hearty appeal. An incident during the match between Kent and Yorkshire, the latter of whom are as certain as anything can be certain in cricket to win the County Championship again this year

An All-Indian batsman, J. G. Navle, in action against Yorkshire. The catch was not brought off by Mitchell in spite of the helpfully encouraging attitude of Macaulay on the right. Navle is one of the wicket-keepers in the All-India team which has made such a successful debut in English cricket this summer: they were much better than most people expected, though we already knew that men like Duleepsingh and the Nawab of Pataudi had nothing much to learn from our best exponents. They have made themselves very popular

This is not, as it seems, an easy catch for the wicket-keeper off a stroke by Woolley. The ball is shown just after leaving the bat; a split second later it was far out of the wicket-keeper's reach. Woolley is still one of the best left-handed batsmen we possess

AT the WICKET

A Commentary on the Season of 1932

It has been on the whole, alas! that the past tense has already to be used: it seems, as it always does in August, no time at all since the early matches were, as they nearly always are, washed out by rain—a good cricket season in 1932. We have had more than our usual share of reasonable weather for cricket and at least two spells of perfect conditions, which means to say the sort of weather in which it is almost, though never quite, more pleasant to be a spectator than a player and when captains realize as they lie awake at nights that they must not risk the consequences to their personal popularity of losing the toss more than twice running.

The ordinary first-class programme has been very refreshingly diversified by the presence of the two touring teams, All-India and the South Americans. Everybody admits that the All-Indians had all the bad luck that was going in their solitary Test Match at Lord's, and everybody hopes that when they come again it will be found possible to arrange three Test fixtures.

I think they would have done still better if they had had the luck to strike fast wickets and hot weather at the beginning of their tour. They themselves will probably feel that they have done quite as well as they hoped or expected; they can safely assure themselves that they will take back with them to India the affection and the admiration of all British sportsmen who have played against them and watched them play. Their fielding has been particularly a joy and, in many respects, a model. That Sikh gentleman who, in a blue turban and moving like a panther, frequently disports himself at cover-point, must have saved thousands of runs in the course of the tour. There is noticeable a certain degree of uniformity in the style of batting of the whole side, which is not surprising when it is recalled that the majority of the All-India team have learnt their cricket under the tutelage of certain well-known British stylists.

The South Americans, with a much less ambitious list of fixtures, were somewhat disappointing, finding themselves rather frequently out of their class. They came, frankly, to learn, and there is no doubt they will have learnt a lot which is all for the good of the game in the ABC countries, i.e. Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. *Adios, amigos, vuelven pronto.*

The Selection Committee have now given us the names of fifteen out of the sixteen players selected to represent England in Australia this winter, the tour which means both the highest honour and the most strenuous cricketing experience that can come the way of any player.

Selection Committees as a rule have a thankless job and come in for a good deal of expert and inexpert criticism. In this case there will be much more ha'pence than kicks coming their way; the team is excellent in every way, and answers the requirements of those who demand: (*a*) Batting strength down to number nine, (*b*) abundance of opening, stock and change bowling, (*c*) no weak spots anywhere in the field, and (*d*) an average age far removed from any suggestion of senility—a very important factor in Australian weather and ground conditions.

Now that we know the names, with one vacancy to be filled later, there ought to be a truce to the rumblings of pavilion critics who have been saying that the Selection Committee were this, that and the other. Cricket opinion as a whole will definitely approve the team which the Selection Committee has built up, though I suppose there will still be echoes, from various parts of the world, of the controversy created by the policy of including two Indian players in an English side.

Jardine, a sound, patient, imperturbable captain, can be trusted to get the best out of his team under all conditions.

Meanwhile, those of us, a numerous but not influential group, who hoped to see the County Championship come south this season are going to be disappointed again. Yorkshire began the season, and are finishing it, like Champions.

Peejay

THE CHARM OF THE SMALL YACHT

It is customary to think of yachting as a sport open only to the rich. And yet there are in this country many hundreds of owners and part-owners of small sailing craft—racing and cruising—who require but little wealth for their sport. Their small yachts are to be seen in almost all places of any size round the British coasts and on all large rivers and lakes. But there are also in many districts groups of small racing craft of diverse type, such that all yachts in each group are either practically identical or approximately similar in respect of size, weight, sail area, and equipment.

The origin of a group is usually to be found in the fact that a number of sailing enthusiasts, living in the locality or within easy access, agreed to purchase each a yacht or boat and race together as a class.

The vessels in a class may be "as like as two peas"—in that case it is called a one-design class; on the other hand, there are groups in which latitude is permitted within narrow limits where size, weight, sail area, etc., are concerned.

As a result of such arrangements, classes of one-design, and others restricted within narrow limits, have come into being at many places round our coasts and on inland waters, each class having, perhaps, some feature or characteristic peculiar to it, and not to be found in a group belonging to any other district. The characteristics of a class depend on several factors. The price that yachtsmen are prepared to pay for their craft; depth of water available in the district, prevailing weather conditions, i.e. weight of wind and sea; local predilections, etc., all play their part in deciding the type.

The craft in these class groups are comparatively small; the normal waterline of any group is somewhere between 12 and 30 ft., and any of the yachts can be handled, when racing, by a crew of two, or three at most. In fact, some of the smaller boats are raced single-handed.

These little ships are very lively, and require in handling the utmost alertness and skill. In the one-design classes especially, they provide an almost pure test of yachtsmanship. To make this clearer, we may mention that all large and medium-sized yachts are built, each to its own design, and hence no one can be quite sure how much of the yacht's success (or non-success) in racing should be attributed to her designer, and how much credited to the skill and seamanship of helmsman and crew. But when all craft in a class are identical, or practically so, success in racing is certainly the result of skill in handling, etc., always excepting, of course, occasional flukes in weather.

Another great advantage of the racing group is that when there are a number of vessels all of the same kind it is possible to build and maintain them at a considerably lower cost than if they were all different. This makes it possible for many to take up the sport.

Small yachts have a much longer racing season than the big craft; it may be anything between Easter and the end of September.

These small craft do not in general attend regattas far from their own home waters; their own club, and clubs not far distant, usually provide sport for them by arranging occasional week-end and evening regattas throughout the season. And then, the big yacht clubs in the district, where there are any, generally make a practice of including, in their big regattas, events for local classes of smaller craft. There are also one or two types that have been designed with the object of being adopted for many districts. For example, the international 14 ft. dinghy is, as its name indicates, intended for racing in British and other countries, wherever groups of sportsmen band together to form a class.

Small yacht racing is making an increasing appeal to women; there have been many first-class helmswomen in the smaller craft, and to-day more and more are taking up this sport.

Small yacht and boat sailing is the school in which almost all the more famous helmsmen of big yachts received their early training. In the United States of America an enormous organization is now being built up to train boys and girls in small craft sailing.

T. W. MacAlpine

LIKE A CORNER OF HOLLAND: Class of one-design half-decked yachts racing over the Norfolk Broads with its typically Dutch scenery. The lofty sails are well filled with the wind coming over the low-lying land, and the wide stretches of water here and there provide opportunities for racing of a very sporting type

"SMOKING ALONG": Sir Walter Smiles Roe racing, in a stiff reaching wind, in a Belfast Lough yacht of the "river class," a type much favoured in that district

A NEW DESIGN: A 12 sq.-metre Sharpie, a new type intended for adoption at many yachting centres, here seen at Burnham-on-Crouch, the nursery of many fine yachtsmen

ON THE UPPER THAMES: A race between open centre-board boats of different types, the boat on the left adopting the mainsail and jib and on the right the lugsail

SPREADING THE CANVAS: Local yacht types of Belfast Lough at anchor, setting sails in heavy weather. Note the reefs tucked in along the main boom

A YACHT'S IDENTITY: The little flag at the masthead is the racing flag bearing the owner's colours. The number (14) indicates the class; K the nationality, in this case British, and the figure following the letter is the distinguishing number of the vessel. These 14-footers are beautifully finished, suitable for sea, river, or lake, providing, of course, the sea is not too rough

b

THE CRADLE OF MARS: AT

How "Le Patron" Controls his Army of 16,000 Workers, Who Live Semi-Controlled Lives After the Bata Boot Worker Fashion. The Ramifications of these Great Works a Problem for the Future

By FERDINAND TUOHY

LE CREUSOT.

One of the loveliest drives in France brings you from Paris to Schneiderville, of which we are going to hear quite a deal in the more immediate future.

The road takes one, after Fontainebleau, through the heart of that well-bred province, Burgundy. It takes one through Auxerre, which Walter Pater said was France's æsthetic summit, and I know no other cathedral to compare, not even Chartres; it takes one through Avalon and through Saulieu, where survives the best inn in France. Not the one people go to, but down a side street. Léon Daudet gave me the address years ago.

And then, of a sudden, leaving the rich glory that is Burgundy, one happens upon Le Creusot. A town of chimneys in a hollow; a town which lives by giving us clubs to whack one another with.

Here are 30,000 people who, did disarmament come, would be out of jobs. It is the nearest thing to the régime of the late lamented Bata that one remembers having come across. Substitute for Bata, M. Schneider. There is much talk in this country about M. Schneider ever since the Socialist leader, Paul Faure, was defeated here in Le Creusot at the last election. The suggestion is that undue pressure is being brought to bear on the political opinions of the workers. Does the firm intimidate its employees? Faure's farewell speech in the Chamber of Deputies contained the following, which one now sees placarded here:

"Turkey has taken fifteen loans, on thirteen of which nothing is being paid to-day. The last of these loans was in 1914 to permit Turkey to make war against France. I want to make two or three observations on the Turkish and Bulgarian loans. I have in my dossier a photograph of Ferdinand visiting the Creusot factories, accompanied by Eugène Schneider, and buying arms and guns which you found later on the Eastern Front. What happened? The order was so exaggerated that, when Ferdinand found himself before the Sobranje, it refused to ratify the credits. The French Government intervened at this point and declared that if the Sobranje did not ratify the credits the Bulgarian loan would not be authorized. The Sobranje spoke, France loaned, and the armaments of Creusot were sent there.

"I have also in my dossier a photograph showing the Turkish Minister of Marine visiting the Creusot factories, preceded by all the inventors, who showed him the latest developments on the side of attack and defence. The Turkish Minister gave his order. He had already used up the last loan lent him by France. Several days later war broke out—August, 1914—and the unfortunate Minister could not take away the French guns. But as he had French money he bought, on the way back to Turkey, guns from Skoda and Krupps—with French money.

"At the present time Skoda is controlled by Schneider, who, in turn, pays Hitler.

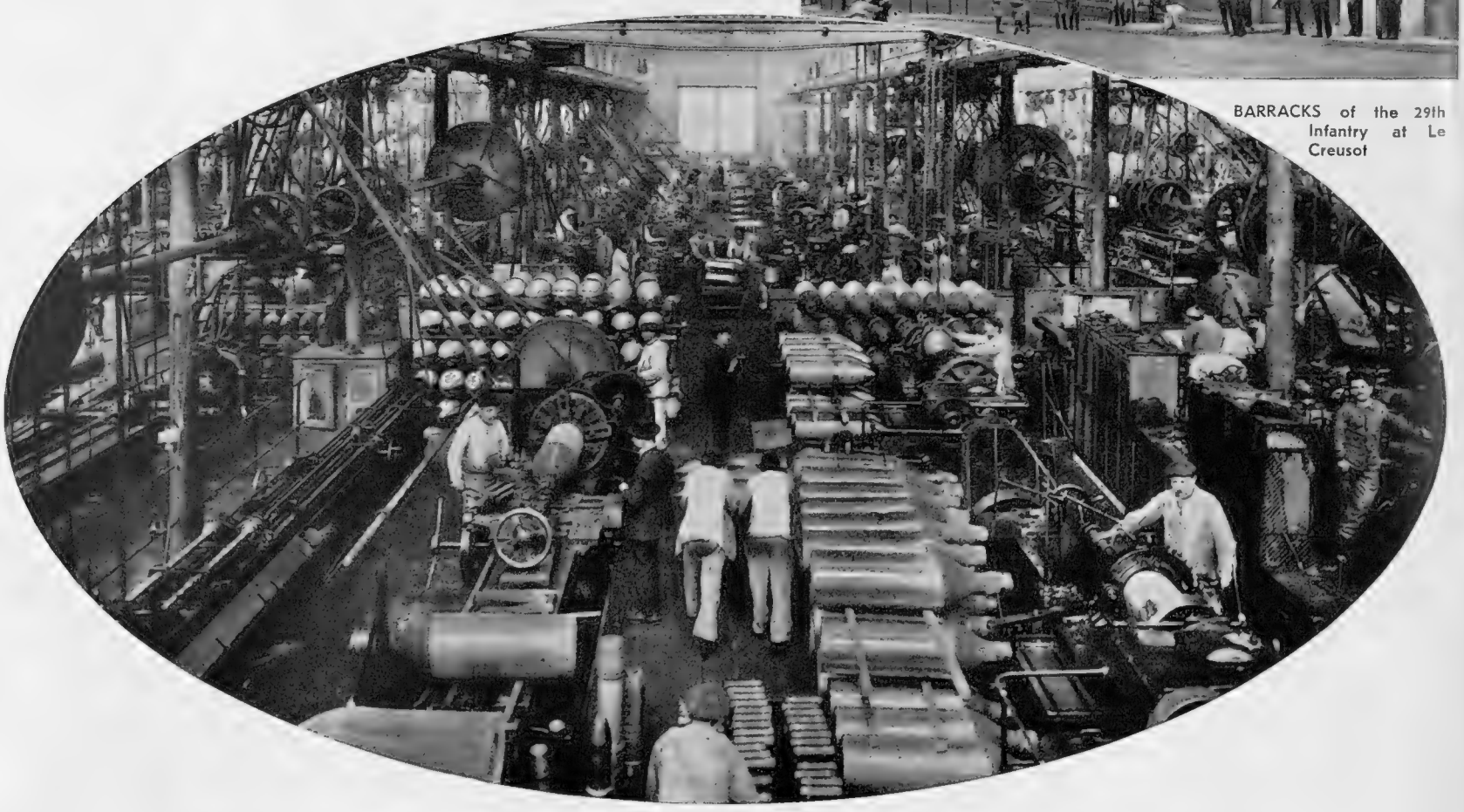
"The reactionary Press in Paris is leading a campaign which it calls 'The Struggle Against Disarmament.' A subscription list has been opened, and we see already donations as high as a hundred thousand francs. Of course, these anonymous gifts are being made by the big interests who would lose by any measure of disarming."

The state of mind of Schneiderville workers is best construed by saying that they feel with Faure, but find it impossible to support him because of their daily bread.

They stand by, instead, and watch the place being "bombed" under the eagle eye of Marshal Pétain. They see themselves laid in ruins and discuss engine horse-power as sixty aeroplanes drop rockets above. By chance I arrived an hour before the raid started. I wondered why it was so dark, why all the lights were out. But I did not have to wonder for long, because a police whistle pulled me up and I was invited to put out my sidelights at once. Gingerly I found my way to the hotel through crowded streets—for all Le Creusot, men, women, and children, were out to see the fun that night. They even had gas masks which they did not put on. There was only one light in Le Creusot between eleven at night and one in the morning. A cynic would have smiled. It was from a furnace making armaments for Italy.

I went on to the bridge over the railway and saw a really striking thing. In all that darkness just one item stood forth. It was a white column, the local monument to the War dead. One saw nothing else at all—just that column. The streets were full of soldier technicians connected with A.A. work, listening-posts, wireless direction-finders, machine-guns. And boy scouts and nurses and doctors passed to and fro just as in Amiens during the Battle of the Somme. Nancy, Metz, Reims were to attack Le Creusot from the air.

BARRACKS of the 29th Infantry at Le Creusot



ARMS FOR ALL: Where the 16,000 workers turn out great armaments for any country which can produce the cash or the credit. Here are some of the workers shaping big shells on the lathes, while others are pushing the finished objects down the alley-ways

LE CREUSOT TO-DAY

AT AUXERRE, which Walter Pater described as France's æsthetic summit, the cathedral rears its beautiful outline above the Yonne. You pass this medieval loveliness on the way to Le Creusot

WHERE "LE PATRON" LIVES: The Chateau de la Verrerie is a forbidding - looking place with high iron railings around it

THE CHIMNEYS OF LE CREUSOT fill the valley as you come over the hills to this cradle of Mars

And all Le Creusot waited in the streets as for a Brock's Benefit. I glanced at these men and women. I did not speak to one. Because, if there is one place on earth where you may be intelligibly taken for a spy, here it was. A foreigner in Le Creusot had better say nothing.

The police passed from house to house saying, "Pull that blind" and "Put out that light." Things became quite eerie when the sirens started going. Then one heard the distant hum of motors, and in a few minutes an aeroplane had secured a bull's-eye — had "blown up" the principal factory and managed to get away unscathed despite the anti-aircraft and machine-gun barrage. All around me workers discussed the arithmetic of the occasion.

It did not seem to occur to them that if this bull's-eye happened in real life they would all be dead, gassed. That seemed to escape their notice. Rather were they interested in such social matters as the big banquet being given that night in honour of Marshal Pétain, by "the patron" Monsieur Schneider, at the famous château of La Verrerie. This stands right in the centre of Le Creusot. Like Bata, Schneider feudally believes in living right in the middle of his workpeople. The château is a white square building, and next morning sixty more aeroplanes flew over it.

In all Le Creusot there are but ninety unemployed. No other industry in France is having such a good time as this one which fashions war material for the wide world. The firm of Schneider-Creusot is, however, not taking any risks. It has got an immense propaganda under way aimed at preventing the nationalization of arms manufacture. This is the danger for the firm. There is a strong movement among the Left parties in the Chamber to nationalize the whole plant and reduce it very considerably, even should this mean unemployment. The view is that it would well repay the country to support all the Schneider workers!

Presently this smoky cradle of Mars will celebrate its hundreth birthday, when there are going to be great fêtes both here and at neighbouring Monceau-les-Mines which supplies so much of the gigantic fuel. In 1832, the brothers Eugène and Adolphe Schneider migrated from the Saar basin and laid the foundations of the great Creusot firm. There had already existed a small firm locally—Louis XIV started it for his campaigns, and under the Revolution and Napoleon the plant grew and grew—yet it was the nineteenth century which saw the intensive world development of the Schneider fortunes, parallel to the extension of Krupps and Vickers, Skoda, Putilov, and, later, the Bethlehem Steel Company.

The two Schneider brothers introduced for the first time capitalism into armaments: that was their contribution. One brother had made himself familiar with Paris banking; the second, with the new steam machinery in a factory at Sedan. But technical and financial abilities did not alone suffice. A third requirement was essential: political strength. Eugène entered the Chamber accordingly in 1840, and ever since the firm has been known for its astute lobbying. Some of the leading statesmen of the Republic have been linked with the financial side of the firm, though it is quite impossible to say with what truth. Thus, Clemenceau was said to be on the salary list at one time, but I do not think that is true. I took the "Tiger" to America, paying him 240,000 francs, and I know that all that money went to meet liabilities and that old Father Victory died hardly worth a sou. On the other hand, he may have had Creusot money earlier on in life. Eugène had quite a political success under Napoleon III, rising to be President of the Chamber which, nowadays, is usually the stepping stone to President of the Republic. Most of Eugène's sons and grandsons have likewise entered politics, the idea being to be on the spot in Paris, where the armament credits are voted. It is better to be on the spot than to employ intermediaries. Naturally, the Schneiders lean to the Right, but they make a point of remaining "in" with all Governments.

Here at Le Creusot "le patron" is dictator complete. He controls the minds and morals of his employees. He will have no compromise. The whole concern is run very like Bata's at Zlin, save on the economic side. Schneiders do not pay so well, and they have not yet installed the same degree of co-operative living—there still are stores here in Le Creusot which do not belong to the firm. But in other respects control of the workers is not unlike *A Nous la Liberté*. Particularly, men are not allowed any longer to have political opinions veering to the Left. If so, out they go.

For years now Schneider has been carrying out a policy of so-called purification. Time was, after the War, when some of the most advanced thinking in France came from Le Creusot. For years Paul Faure, Secretary of the Socialist Party and champion of disarmament and nationalization, was returned for Le Creusot. But he was cast forth this year. The workers were simply told in as many words, "If you vote for this man you are voting away your own work."

At the same time the firm undertook some very intensive propaganda at the League of Nations, where their lobbyists are said to be quite satisfied with the turn of events in the disarming sphere.

If you lose your work at Schneiders there is no chance at all of picking anything else up in the vicinity. You are blacklisted. Actually, but three thousand tested hands are employed in the manufacture of arms. Thirteen thousand others stream in from the surrounding countryside each day—including a large number of Poles, cheaply enough paid—but nearly all these are employed in different branches of the heavy industry.

The chief streets of the town are called after one or other of the family, while there are three statues to the Schneider brothers. The château rises right opposite the main entrance to the works — a forbidding affair, with its high wall all round and its heavy iron gates. I called, but was unable to see "le patron," who was busy entertaining the victor of Verdun.

The Schneider Trust has now considerably exceeded the Westphalian and Rhenish firms in the scope of its internationalism, supplying, as it does, all France's satellite friends. It is said that it would take five typewritten pages to set down the entire ramifications of the firm—five pages of names of this and that enterprise. Electrical plant, naval yards, chemical works, motor cars, engines, coal mines, and mineral concerns are the chief outlets. The firm controls a dozen banks and several vast insurance companies.

The Succession States turned out a rare stamping ground for Schneiders. Schneider collared the great Skoda plant at Pilsen, and now that manufactures for all Central Europe. More recently the firm has been paying attention to Japan. Schneiders have the chief say in the Franco-Japanese Bank, and it is alleged that France's friendly support of recent Japanese behaviour may be traced to Schneider influence.

Schneiders are the dominating influence in the celebrated Comité des Forges which sent Poincaré into the Ruhr. The head of this heavy industry consortium is François de Wendel who, besides being a deputy and a director of the Bank of France, not long ago acquired a controlling interest in the *Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*. In fact, Schneiderville now very obviously calls the tune for these once great dailies; hence their perpetual boosting of armaments. As Briand once so witheringly put it, "The pens which write against disarmament are made of the same steel as that from which guns are made."

At the present moment French loans to a dozen countries—Mexico, Jugoslavia, Greece, Japan, Turkey, Bulgaria, Argentina, Spain, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, to name eleven—are being spent with the French armament firms, mainly Schneider.

What is to be the future of these armament firms which are almost alone flourishing to-day? The League of Nations, many years ago, found the armament firms guilty of working continuously for war, also of wholesale bribery and corruption. Without any doubt much newspaper corruption prevails and it is this angle to which the French are now turning. The notion, as mentioned above, is to promote nationalization of the armament ring. Did this ensue, here at Le Creusot would be much want and stagnation, yet might not that be better than the present state of affairs?

Presently I shall take the road north again, through radiant Burgundy, leaving this factory of death, this immense centre of destruction. As I write a terrific din fills the air. I hear it is a 3,000-h.p. motor and that it causes the earth to tremble for ten miles round. That din gives one Le Creusot, typifies the ghastly mission of the place. But presumably it is necessary.

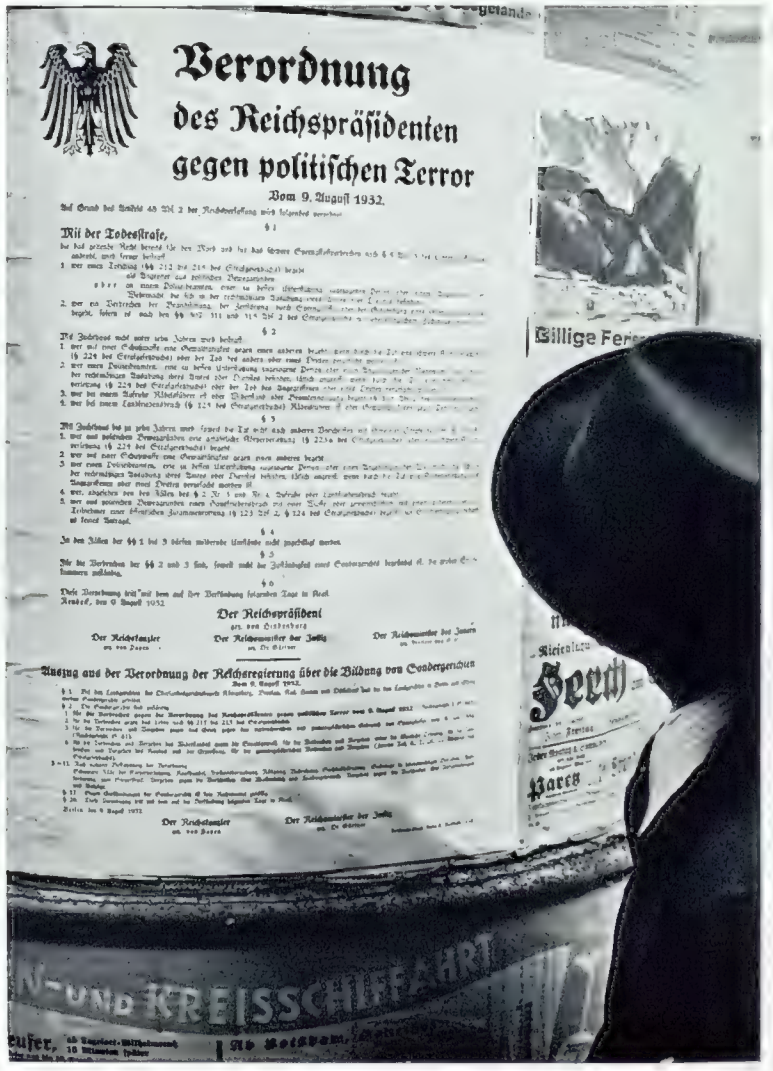
TRICOLOUR BANNERS IN LORRAINE: The new French President, M. Lebrun, has been visiting Lorraine. As he walked through the streets of Audun-le-Roman he was surrounded by banners of local associations; he had just opened the Metz Canal

IN FRONT OF THE LOURDES GROTTO IN THE VATICAN GARDENS: The Pope's Palatine Guard of Honour celebrated their annual festa a few days ago. Mgr. Antonelli is presenting medals of merit to members of this famous Swiss Guard. In the background behind the arch is the Lourdes grotto

AFTER THE WASHINGTON FIGHT: Some of the Bonus forces driven out of Washington have taken up their abode at Johnstown, Pennsylvania (once famous for the bursting of a big dam)

"THE SPHERE" SURVEYS THE WORLD

OFFERED TO THE VATICAN MUSEUM: A striking statuary group has been offered to the Pope by Vicomte de Fontenay, French Ambassador to Rome, on behalf of the Missions Palace (Paris Exhibition) committee. It represents the martyrdom of the first missionaries in Madagascar. His Holiness, with members of his court, is inspecting the group in a gallery of the Vatican



POLITISCHEN TERROR: A Berlin citizen reading the (somewhat close) text of an emergency decree by the Reichs President Von Hindenburg, intimating that emergency courts were to be set up and the death penalty if necessary inflicted. The document bears the names of the President, the Chancellor, and the Ministers of Justice and the Interior

THE HUTS OF THE BONTOCS are very small, for the tribe lives most of the time in the open. There is just room to crawl in and sleep

A CLEVER BAMBOO RICE GRANARY! This granary is so resilient that if it blows off in a storm it will not break. This is a Luzon island device

SHARKLIKE TEETH OF A BONTOC BOY, LUZON ISLAND

THE PHILLIPINES TO BE INDEPENDENT?

This series of views of the primitive inhabitants of Luzon is interesting in connection with the possibility of independence being granted to the Phillipines within the next eight years. A resolution to this effect was passed in the U.S. House of Representatives by 306 votes to 47

IN A WESTERNIZED SCHOOL ON THE ISLAND OF LUZON: These girls are taught sewing, embroidery, weaving and so forth, and the boys learn cabinet-making, farming, carpentry, and other pursuits

Ewing Galloway

BONTOC BOYS, descendants of the early inhabitants who retreated before the invading Spaniards. They are standing on a Bontoc cultivation terrace. The Bontocs raise rice and other crops by irrigation

A HARVEST FROM THE SEA: Examining a set of leathers made from shark skins—an industry which has been started at Diibouti in French Somaliland

A HARVEST OF GRANITE FOR A NEW CATHEDRAL: Splitting off a large fragment of granite at the Mohegan quarry at Peekskill by the old method of a swollen peg. Two large fragments have already been broken off; lines of pegs indicate the position of further fractures to come

PINEAPPLES GROWING THROUGH PAPER: A method of choking off the weed growth in the immediate vicinity of the pineapple plants—a close-up view of the Hawaiian pineapple farm shown below

A PATCHWORK QUILT OF PINEAPPLES AND PAPER: A remarkable appearance is given to this pineapple farm in Hawaii by the use of paper as a weedkiller. The paper is laid on the surface of the ground and prevents the growth of weeds. The long lines of paper-protected pineapples produce this extraordinary effect when seen at a distance

SOME STRANGE HARVESTS

In Distant Lands

Leather from the amphibious crocodile has been used for a long time. But not until hides became scarce, owing to the Great War, was the possibility of getting leather from the skins of fishes seriously considered. Then it was found, as a result of the experiments of Dr. Alfred Ehrenreich, that many species of shark, as well as the ray, devil-fish, porpoise, and whale, would yield an excellent and very stout leather, and the industry was started in America, the fish being taken from the waters off the Florida coast.

Now Dr. Ehrenreich has founded a fishing station, with the requisite plant, at Djibouti, in French Somaliland, and here hundreds of sharks and other monsters of the deep are being taken, their hides partially prepared and then sent to tanneries in France for final treatment. The sharks are taken in large gill nets, specially woven of strong thread. The small fish go through the mesh, but the sharks are caught by their gills, when they become suffocated or drowned. Fully 80 per cent. are found dead when the nets are taken in, and those still alive are so exhausted that a tap on the head is sufficient to render them *hors de combat*. From eighty to a hundred-and-fifty sharks are often taken in a single net. Then, not a particle of fish is wasted. The hide is converted into leather, the blood makes a strong glue, the gut is used for musical instruments, tennis rackets, and other purposes. A large portion of the flesh is canned and sold for food, the remainder being converted into a fertilizer.

Another correspondent writes that "it is of great interest to learn that the British Ministry of Agriculture adopts a lofty attitude towards the idea of using 'mulch' paper in agricultural work. Officials presented with a new idea are rather too apt to receive it with apathy and to dismiss its possibilities with a lightly expressed opinion that even if successful elsewhere it would not be practicable in this country.

"My interest in the question is due to the fact that I have recently returned from the Hawaiian Islands where this system of farming has proved marvellously successful. When passing through the neat pineapple plantations where rows of perfect plants stretch as far as eye can reach, I wondered repeatedly why we Britishers could not adopt this simple idea to smother weeds, direct the moisture, and retain the warmth of the soil. One Hawaiian company alone uses 4,000 miles of mulch paper through which the pineapples are planted. As a result of the use of this novel method of planting, the size of the pineapples has increased one-fourth, and some eight tons have been added to the yield per acre. Farming in Hawaii is progressive and efficient in the extreme. A Californian visiting the islands remarked to me that he thought the Californians knew something of scientific agriculture, but on studying Hawaiian methods he came to the conclusion that they (the Californians) were but amateurs. By the adoption of new methods and by careful research the pineapple yield has been increased from 10 tons per acre to 25 and even 30 tons from some of the fields. One might go so far as to say that nowhere is there better farming than in Hawaii. It would surely be wise to give more careful study to the use of asphalt-treated paper which is now in use in Australia and South Africa as well as in Hawaii. That wind and rain would eventually destroy the paper is an undoubted fact, but not until the plants had established themselves and grown to a flourishing condition. In our climate the tough coverlet should be a wonderful protection for the young plants in addition to smothering any weeds which attempt to compete with them. The method has been proved valuable beyond belief in the case of potatoes, carrots, and celery. Perhaps some of our farmers may find the subject of more interest than does the Ministry of Agriculture."

The famous light-brown New York State granite that holds its colour against the onslaughts of the elements has been used, writes another correspondent, for New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. An old quarry, unworked for years, the Mohegan, at Peekskill, N.Y., was reopened to supply the stone for the cathedral, and the operation necessary to the quarrying, cutting, marking, polishing, and preparing the stone generally is a romance in itself.

In the view of the Mohegan quarry given here a great granite boulder is seen split into two great pieces and drilled for further separation. To insure clean separation the wood peg system of cutting has been used in some cases. Holes are drilled into the hard granite's surface several inches apart and to the depth of 6 in. or 7 in. Hardwood pegs are driven into these holes. Water is poured over the spots where the pegs are inserted thus causing them to swell and force the rock asunder.

ROMAN ENGLAND UNCOVERED

The Latest Discoveries

One of the most satisfactory of archæological excavations is that at Roman Verulamium on the outskirts of St. Albans. This Hertfordshire site is constantly giving up something rich and rare. Only a few weeks ago a pavement, or rather mosaic flooring, was uncovered and has since been visited by an enthusiastic public interested in the history of this island. The work is being undertaken by the Verulamium Excavation Committee of which the Marquess of Salisbury is chairman. There are three directors of excavations who actually control the day-to-day working on the site. A presiding genius of the place is Mrs. Mortimer Wheeler, wife of a noted archæologist; she seems to possess a kind of water-divining sense for mosaic pavements; the excavators are constantly hitting on beautiful pavements under what to the untutored eye seems just bare grassy meadow-lands.

The house on which these archæologists are working so indefatigably is situate on what is known as Insula IV. of the town site; it has not yet been completely excavated, but is already known to be of considerable size. The northern range (partly excavated in 1931 in an endeavour to establish the boundary of the insula) has not yet been traced to its eastern limit. At the N.W. end of this range is a room about 15 ft. square, with cream and olive green distempered walls which still stand to a considerable height. In it has come to light a well 4 ft. 6 ins. in diameter placed centrally in its cement floor. The well was deliberately filled in Roman times, and with a winch and buckets is now being cleared.

So far the excavators have reached a depth of 36 ft. The filling is of one date, *i.e.* late 2nd century. From the material of the filling besides immense quantities of broken vessels there have been rescued several complete cook pots, Samian dishes with the stamp of the firm on the bases, colanders, coins, brooches and fragments of delicate cut-glass, beakers and bowls. The side of a large amphora bears a painted inscription, decorated with scrolls. Also, bones (in enormous quantities) of ox, sheep, goat, rabbit, hare, fish, oyster (literally by the bucket), periwinkle and lobster. The recovery of many bones of dogs suggests an unwelcome intrusion into an otherwise quite satisfactory Roman menu.

From the room next door to the well-house was found in 1931 the very fine mosaic of an ocean god which has been raised and is now on view in the adjacent museum

The house here develops into an L-shaped plan. This western arm includes a series of rooms heated by hot air belonging to a bath system of the Turkish pattern. The walls here stand in places seven feet above the basement level, and show the workings of the central heating system in very complete detail.

The largest room is 20 ft. by 33 ft. and its mosaic floor of sixteen geometric panels, each a yard square, is almost perfectly preserved. Some earlier depredation (possibly for a field-drain) has caused one break in the corner. Beneath the floor, the hot-air basement or hypocaust, partly channelled and partly pillared, is open. Mrs. Wheeler says that she had crawled down it in connection with the survey and had emerged covered with Roman soot. In the west wall and below the floor-level can be seen the arch of a flue turned in flat bricks. This leads along a channel 18 inches wide and 2 feet 6 inches high, which leads to a central chamber whence channels break diagonally beneath the floors to the angles of the room where the hollow box-tiles which carried the hot air up the walls still remain in position. The weight of the heavy mosaic floor is taken over this central chamber on four pillars made of square bricks. The upper walls, built largely of flint held in great quantities of yellow mortar, had fallen inwards over the pavement and had thus largely protected it. In the clearance an enormous amount of painted wall plaster has been recovered and preserved; in time, it may be possible to work out in some detail the scheme of decoration in which foliage, daisy-like flowers, and ears of corn were an integral part.

The quarter-round moulding or fillet, masking the angle of wall and floor is common, but in this room the wall-plaster comes down to meet the floor in the true concave curve which in this twentieth century of ours is the latest device for avoiding dust.

The house was built some time after A.D. 150 and was not destroyed before the end of the third century.

THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED ROMAN FLOOR AT ST. ALBANS: A large house on Roman Verulamium is now being brought to light; the latest discovery is a big apartment with a fine geometrically designed mosaic floor. This view shows the sixteen circular devices and the panel at one end (there is a similar panel at the other end)

THE WELL OR SHAFT: A filled-in shaft close to the above mosaic floor is now being cleared; it contains a wealth of Roman pottery and cones

HEATING OF THE HOUSE: This big house had a skilfully designed arrangement for heating; there are the underground chambers and also the side flues which must have effectually conquered the cold of a British winter

ART IN MOSAIC: Last year's work at St. Albans included the finding of this magnificent head of Neptune in mosaic. This has now been cleaned and mounted and is alone worth a pilgrimage to Verulamium

THE NEPTUNE FLOOR AS DISCOVERED: This picture shows the beautiful Neptune floor as it was originally uncovered last year. The artistry of the design is remarkable and well worthy of study

THE WHOLE STATE

THE ENGLISH SPORTING GUN is one of the finest products of skilful handcraft to be found the world over. Envious eyes are looking at some of these guns. But they are not cheap—a pair can cost you anything from £150 upwards

From all the evidence I have collected this week, I would not care very much to be a Scottish landlord or, indeed, any kind of landlord just now. There is little doubt about it. Shooting is not what it was. This year there has ceased to be any kind of normal assessment for a grouse moor or a deer forest or anything else. It is simply a question of "What offers?" followed by a haggle. For years it was normal to assess the rental of a moor by finding the average bag of the previous three years or so and the normal expectancy of the season in question. The renter then leased it at the rate of £1 a brace—a moor with an average of 2,000 brace being obtainable therefore for about £2,000. For years, too, you would reckon that a deer forest could be rented at a price the unit of which was £20 per stag shot. To-day, if I wanted it, I could have a certain deer forest, where I could expect to get twenty-five stags, for £150.

Less than a quarter of the recognized deer forests have been let so far, and many of those have been taken at a miserably low rental. Grouse moors, with very few exceptions, have dropped by at least 50 per cent. in price, and the canny sportsmen who have waited until now can snap up bargains right and left. For there is absolutely no fixed market in any kind of shoot. This is naturally upsetting the owners very considerably, who are between the devil of creating the precedent of letting their moors cheap, and the deep blue sea of the knowledge of disease that will almost certainly attack their moors if the stock is not shot.

Mind you, several moors have been leased for £2,000. One, which I will not mention, has been sublet for £6,000. Some of the best known are Glendye, Hunt Hill, Gannochy, Millden, and the Retreat, the last four belonging to Lord Dalhousie. There was a record bag of 7,000 brace at Glendye last year, Miss Sheila Beddington, the daughter of Colonel Claude Beddington, who took the shoot, accounting for 1,500 brace herself. She is head and shoulders above all other women shots. Incidentally, bags of this kind have a most favourable effect on the pocket-books of Americans, who like to have the knowledge that they are shooting over a moor that holds such a record.

A little farther north come Strathavon, Ballindalloch, Knockando, Cawdor, and Moy. Americans have fallen off very much in numbers from last year, which was again a decrease from the previous year. The exceptions include Mr. C. W. Ogden, who will shoot over part of the Beauly moors; Mr. Mordaunt, the lessee of Erchless Castle; Mr. James Simpson, who is at Guthrie Castle; Major Hubert Litchfield, who is at Bunchrew; Senator Edge, who has taken Brora, and Messrs. F. T. Bedford, Edward Shearson, and J. Rich Steers, who are respectively at Cortachy, Altyre, and Easter Elchies. A partial recompense for the scarcity of Americans is to be found in the presence of a number of new faces in the north this year. The cry for patriotism has had a certain effect among a section of people who would otherwise have been motoring abroad. These people are taking shoots, though the shooting agents find that they need a lot of "wet-nursing," and have to warn the owners in advance that they are greenhorns and may let down the average of the bags of the previous year or two. At the same time, they advise their clients to accept their offers *faute de mieux*. Another sign of the times is that quite a number of old clients who have been compelled since the slump of 1929 to keep away from their beloved moors are now snooping round the agents and saying, "Well, old boy, have you got anything round about £250 or £300 which is still unlet? Because, though that is as high as I can go, I'd be glad to take a moor at that price."

Generally speaking, though, shooting does not have the same popularity that it used to possess. Even Army officers shoot much less than they did. "Before the War," old Mr. Purdey told me, "you could look down the list of officers in the Brigade of Guards and the Cavalry, and 50 per cent. of them used my guns. To-day, less than 50 per cent. of them do any shooting at all. I cannot complain, though. The demand for cartridges in the first fortnight of this August was double that of last year, and though the increase in the sale of guns has not increased proportionately, we have not done badly at all." Mr. Purdey, whose firm makes His Majesty's guns, showed me the pair of "twenties" which the King used for a short time after his illness, and before he was fit enough to use his twelve bores, to which he returned about two years ago. He and Lord Zetland, incidentally, are the only two well-known shots who still use the old-fashioned hammer guns. As to the younger generation, it would appear that unless shooting is "in the family" there is a distinct falling off. It is quite true that a number of young men like the Master of Lovat, who reached his twenty-first birthday the other day, are glad to be given a pair of Purdeys as a coming-of-age present from the tenants, and others who take after their fathers are glad to receive presents of this nature when they get married. But, speaking generally, neither the young officer nor the ex-undergraduate seems to be very keen on shooting. Perhaps his womenfolk have something to do with it. In the old days girls were brought up to enjoy shooting, and did not expect to have much notice taken of them by the men nor opportunities given them of flirting and gambling and sun-bathing.

Another point that must be borne in mind is that young men no longer have the time to spend a month or so away from their offices. For this reason fewer of them are good shots. Lord Dunglass and Sir Ian Walker are both good young shots, while Captain J. M. Cobbold is in the very front rank with Lord Lewisham, Captain George Herbert, and Mr. R. L. Basset. There is also the money factor. It is quite true that the South of France is extremely expensive, but people always hope to get their expenses back from *chemin de fer*. In Scotland, expensive though the moor may be, its rental is only a percentage of the ultimate cost as far as the host is concerned. There is the expense of the beaters, the loaders, the ponies, and goodness knows what else. Even when you are a guest your 1st-class return fare is going to cost something in the neighbourhood of £9 or £10, with the charge for the sleepers on top of that. Then you must reckon to pay something over £150 for a pair of guns if you have not got them. Add to that 2,000 cartridges at anything between 15s. and 18s. 6d. 100, the cost of their carriage and, above all, the tips. These alone can add up to quite a formidable total. It is usual to give your loader, if he is not an under-keeper, 10s. a day, so if you go for three weeks this will amount to over £10. If you go deer stalking, you give your stalker at least £1 for each stag you shoot. Even if you do not go stalking, you may find that the head stalker is also the head grouse-keeper, so you have to tip him.

At this stage one might give a list of some of the best all-round shoots where you get stags as well as grouse. These are headed by Inchrory (where there is also salmon fishing), Glenfiddich, Invermark, and Coignafearon. On the whole, however, stags do not go well with grouse. They are inclined to foul the ground, and many keepers say that old hinds get a taste for grouse eggs and do a tremendous lot of damage that way. Far the best stalking is in the Western Highlands—though Strathconon is a notable exception. Glen Affric, which Lord Furness has sub-let for the last two years, is another very fine deer forest. Others almost equally good, if not better, are Ben Alder in Perthshire, Torridon in Ross-shire, and Corrour. Roughly speaking, the Western and Northern Highlands are best for stalking, and the Eastern and North-eastern for grouse. This year, despite a six weeks' drought, the prospects are excellent for deer stalking, while, according to the reports obtainable so far in Scotland, the grouse are plentiful and strong on the wing, almost everywhere, except in certain parts of Inverness. There has also been some disease in Banff and Aberdeenshire. Things are not so good in Yorkshire, though. A man who has just returned from shooting on what is normally a very good little moor only a mile or so from Bolton Abbey has returned greatly disappointed. He and his party shot twenty-five brace the first day and thirty brace the second, and that was all.

IN SCOTLAND, the rental of a loaders, ponies, luncheon

IN THE MAKING OF AN ENGLISH SPORTING GUN the utmost care is expended in every department. Microscopic examination of metal parts forms a portion of the work

In the past I have often wondered what happened to the enormous number of birds brought in after a "record" day. The answer is that after everyone has sent off a brace or so to anybody he can think of, the head-keeper or possibly the butler sells them either to local dealers in Perth, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, or Inverness, or else sends them to Leadenhall Market. Some of the big stores actually make contracts with the tenants of famous shoots where large bags are practically certain. For the first few days the tenant may get as much as 10s. a brace for fat young birds. But after that the price will drop to 5s. and may even descend to half-a-crown—as it did last year—according to the market price.

Some experts think that the good years go in cycles, and point to last year as a peak year. Certainly some remarkable bags were secured, with a result that grouse were a glut on the market, and you could buy them in Leadenhall for 2s. a brace. I did so myself one day when I was feeling domestic.

As to the deer forests, each has a limit of the number of stags which may be shot by the tenant. This is set by the owner, and may be anything between eight and a hundred. Yet it is very seldom that the limit is ever reached. Venison not being a popular dish in England, unlike Germany, it is not easy to sell your stag, and that is further reason why deer stalking

OF HIGHLAND SPORT

How the Problem of Expense has Affected the Letting of Grouse Moors and Deer Forests—Cheaper Rents but Personal Expenses Still High—The Need for Short Fishing Tenancies

By CHARLES GRAVES

is the most expensive form of shooting you can have, and why, too, it is so hard to let deer forests this year. The real enthusiast will do anything to indulge in his passion for it, even though he may not get his stag until six o'clock in the evening fifteen miles from home—with the necessity of putting the stag on his pony and trudging back over the rough country only to arrive at midnight, having left at eight o'clock in the morning. Even if you are walking-up grouse, you are unlikely to cover more than twelve miles in a day. It would certainly be annoying if it were more.

What is surprising, though, is the way that small girls and boys aged twelve or thirteen will walk five or six miles from their homes to the starting point, walk another fifteen miles doing their job as beaters, and then hurry home, laughing and singing. All this they do for 5s. a day, the grown-ups getting another half-crown. Sometimes, of course, newcomers overpay them, and then there is trouble. But usually the tenants of the shooting lodges agree about the price beforehand. Sometimes, too, students from Glasgow University wanting a good cheap holiday will be housed in a ramshackle bothy, provided with bedding and food and beer, and an occasional brace of grouse by the tenant, and 7s. 6d. a day as beaters. There is, naturally, a tremendous art in driving, particularly where the flankers are concerned, and a shoot can be made or marred by them. If they do not jump up at the right moment, the grouse will either turn back or stream overhead when the guns are not ready for them. Which reminds me of a story of Lord Cranworth. It was a hot August day, and he was drowsing peacefully after a heavy lunch. Suddenly he was pounded on the back by his loader. "Wake up, my lord," he called out agitatedly in a strong Glasgow accent, "the fowl are upon us." There was also the loader of another young peer, a gunner, who suddenly observed in a soldierly way, "My lord, I have to report that No. 2 gun is out of action." But one thing is certain. Whatever the other prospects of shooting, one can always be sure of a plentiful supply of good beaters and loaders too.

moor is only part of the expense to wh'ch a host is put. Beaters, equipment, and other details all add to the merry total

A study at Tomatin, Inverness

THE PROSPECTS ARE EXCELLENT FOR DEER STALKING THIS SEASON IN SPITE OF A LONG DROUGHT: There is a limit to the number of stags which may be shot by a tenant

Perhaps, though, I am painting too gloomy a picture of shooting this year. Some of the very best places will be shot over by their owners and friends. Reay Forest in Sutherland will see the Duke of Westminster. The Duke of Portland will shoot over Langwell Forest in Caithness. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland will have a large party at Dunrobin. Lord Blandford has gone north to the moor he leases regularly, and I have been shown a sporting guide to the Highlands with a shooting supplement that suggests, rightly or wrongly, that quite a high percentage of the moors has been let—at some price or another. Let us hope that this is so. People who consider that shooting is the sport of the "idle rich" forget that such people no longer exist, and that in any case shooting has brought a prosperity to the more barren parts of Scotland that nothing else could have done. There are millions of acres in Scotland which have no value whatever for cultivation, and yet are still let for quite large sums. If grouse shooting or deer stalking died out, it would bring disaster to thousands—owners of moors, local shopkeepers, as well as the keepers and the many types of people who are pressed into service as beaters.

But the grouse is not the only game bird, and though there are many people who can think of nothing to compare with the sight of the beaters two miles away on the hillside and the view of perhaps thirty miles of purple heather, and the almost terrifying sensation of a pack of grouse "attacking" one, the partridge and the pheasant can hardly be left out of this article. As most people know, the partridge is found at his best in Suffolk, Norfolk, and parts of Cambridgeshire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire. It is still too early to see what the prospects are. But there is a good deal of pessimism. In Wiltshire reports are gloomy both about partridges and pheasants. The coveys are small, and a number of old birds have been picked up dead. Nobody quite knows the cause. There is better news from Buckinghamshire, and in East Anglia things sound better as far as partridges are concerned, but the wet weather at nesting time has not done the pheasants any good. In Lincolnshire there is the same story. The trouble about the prospects of the pheasant season is that fewer and fewer people can afford the costly business of rearing them, and whereas a few years ago a bag of a thousand pheasants was considered nothing out of the common, it is now very much the exception. Elveden and the surrounding country is probably the best natural habitat for pheasants in the country, and also shares the honours with Six Mile Bottom and Sandringham as being the most envied partridge shoots. At which point one might refer to the tactics of one or two owners who drive their partridges very early on and before they are strong on the wing, thus securing a good deal of publicity for big bags.

Compared with shooting, fishing has suffered much less than might have been expected in the slump. This is partly because the angler has so much less in the way of expense. Having leased his stretch of river, he has little else to spend his money on except his hotel bill. Then again, the very best rod is only going to cost him twelve guineas or so, instead of ten times that sum for a gun. The present season is, of course, nearly over. There are sea trout to be got on the Islands and on the West Coast, and there is still some back-end fishing to be done. Prices this year have not descended much. The Dee, which is always fashionable, and the Helmsdale and Naver—what one might call old gentlemen's rivers because they are so easy to fish—still fetched fancy prices. The basis of assessment of a beat as before was at the rate of £4 or £5 a fish, so that a mile of the Test might cost you £200 or so.

One of the most hopeful signs about fishing is the movement in Scotland to persuade owners to lease their streams for as short a period as a month, or even a week, instead of for the whole season. Few people can afford long holidays nowadays, and once the precedent is established it would be easy for owners to let the same beat to three different tenants for consecutive months.

Another sign of the times is that more and more fishermen are staying at little hotels from which they do their fishing and rent their beats. Best of all, perhaps, is that firms like Hardy are getting a large increase in inquiries and small purchases from boys at school. In many cases, as with shooting, this love of fishing is hereditary. But apart from that there seems

(*Continued on p.* 326

FISHING HAS BEEN HOLDING ITS OWN VERY WELL COMPARED WITH OTHER SPORTS: This bend of the river is at Upper Stobhall, Stanley, near Perth

THE AUGUST OF

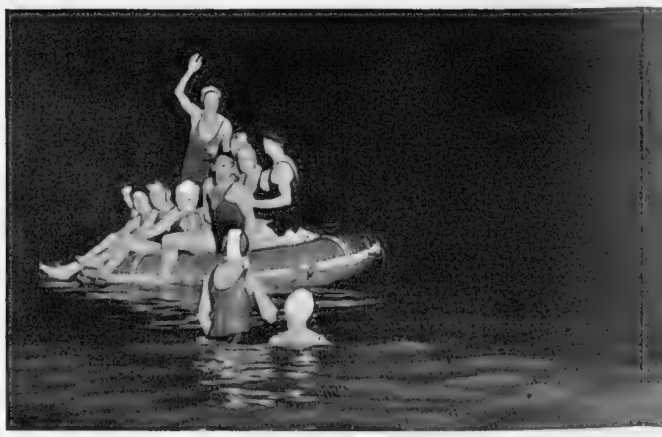
SCOTLAND : At North Berwick a group of pretty young swimmers decided to "chute" down to the water in mass formation

PARIS PLAGE : France flocked to its seaside resorts under the impulse of the August heat wave. Some masculine brawn is here seen sunning itself after the morning swim

LONDON (Chiswick) : When the second and intenser heat wave blazed down on London, some of the more dashing among women motor-cyclists adopted the costume seen above

THAMES ESTUARY : A wise maiden this, sitting on the ribbed sands She wore a big shady hat in addition to her mode

CAP D'ANTIBES : Eden Roc is, of course, familiar with the semi-covering of elegant sea- and sun-bathers



BOURNEMOUTH : Night bathing has been popular on the

The August heat wave produced a sartorial revelation in many districts. The sea beaches were, of course, the first to intensify the manifestations of bared limbs. Soon, however, the swimming kit and beach pyjamas were seen all over the sea towns, in shops and cafés.

Almost coincidentally the more adventurous girls took to wearing bathing costumes on the outskirts of London, and in the parks little children, whose clothing seemed to be chiefly large buttons and braces, presented the quaintest of sights.

The pictures given here have been selected from a great number of such scenes. Those seen her discretion—physical beauty justifie cases where one cannot but fe Those working in very glassy office revelled in sympathy with Old Sol's

F THE HEAT WAVE

SPAIN: In Madrid, the desire for swimming and sun-bathing has shown itself in marked degree. There are four new swimming-pools along the river and they are all crowded, especially at week-ends

ds where Thames and North Sea meet.
nodern bathing kit

PARIS: The French capital having twice touched 91 deg. in the shade, everyone flocked to all the available bathing places. The large Molitor Swimming Pool was crowded. Paris has had the hottest spell for the past six years

the hot nights of the heat wave

here, we trust, have been selected with
tifies much, but there are occasionally
feel that a heat wave is a mistake.
fices felt the same, but holiday-makers
ol's carouse.

LONDON: A little Londoner extemporized in characteristic British fashion to meet the unusual weather conditions

CHISWICK: With the return of the heat wave last week, crowds of bathers basked at the Chiswick open-air baths, one of the most popular of the swimming establishments round London

THE PHANTASMAGORIA

Of the HOLIDAY SEASON of 1932

The Psychology of Clothing

Once upon a time everybody went down to the sea with skips; and what a going down it was, too! The house was shut up, dust sheets were everywhere, everything was packed, they gathered themselves together and went off—bustles and stomachers and all, perhaps even an odd antimacassar and, last but not least, the pantaloons complete with frills. For, of course, all the family was going to be beside the seaside, and how could the children paddle or dip decorously in the sea without those very essential integuments? What excitements must have been the peculiar personal reward of the ladies when a wave bolder than the rest threatened to go beyond the bounds of what was proper! How we all loved that scene in *Cavalcade* where all the parties sat on the sand dressed up to the neck! And what an age seems to exist between that time and the present, between the seaside holiday of the Victorians and Edwardians and the quick week-end or longer holiday of us very neo-Georgians, when as little luggage as possible is carried, and the baby is slung in a cradle hanging from the roof of the car, and sleeping accommodation is provided by a caravan-trailer! How instantaneous, almost impromptu, are our holiday makings, and always they are fluctuating from one desirable spot to another.

But wherever we do stay the old Adam still persists in the modern Eve, who, even if her primary interest in the sea isn't exactly to swim the Channel, is at least determined to cut just as much of a dash as her grandmother only in a very different way, and to show us how much of a lovely tan she really has got. Her undress is as eloquent as her grandmother's full dress and vastly more comforting to the weary spirit almost foredone with the heat. The beach habit in fact has arrived and the beach fashion of the modern girl is as important as any other part of her wardrobe. Science and health march together along the road of progress and what the one found out about the sun and his rays the other entirely agreed with and most of us have followed suit. Eve, however, wants just a little more than the pure eugenics of sun-bathing or surf-riding in a mere bathing suit, changed as that latter article may be from the former lugubrious and ugly black covering that it used to be. She must have her beach pyjamas for the moments when she will not be in the water, for the cocktail hour on the hotel terrace or for the stroll along the gay promenades of our resorts.

Not that this cult of pleasure is pursued upon the beach only. There are those hundreds who for some reason or other cannot avail themselves of the coastal resorts, whose holiday perhaps may not happen during the bursts of heat. Even so there are public and private swimming pools, many flood-lit, where the all-day and every-day worker may refresh himself at night, there is our Hyde Park Lido for a quick dip in the lunch hour or after the day's work, and there is that entirely new and possibly transitional novelty of the Roadhouse invented by the youth of America, who seem aptly fitted for playing some part in leading the world back to a state more nearly approaching the Hellenic ideal of bodily well-being. Within easy reach of London on the main motoring roads are these welcome cafés with swimming pools where in the height of summer we can obtain relief from the heat and smoke and fumes of London. Many a merry party is to be found of a summer evening in these evidences of a continuously transitional pleasure focus. They are the next best thing to the seaside, which is yet too far to be conveniently reached in an evening, even by the fast cars of to-day, in time to return again. At the same time envious passers-by in Piccadilly gaze up at the open-air terrace of a certain hotel in the broiling afternoon and catch a glimpse of a diver and a hint of other forms beneath umbrellas shaded from the tempestuous heat.

The month of August in the year 1932 seems to be, in fact, a year of naked phenomena throughout the world. Will not future historians write:—"In this enlightened year took place The World Congress of International Naked Holiday Makers"; presuming, that is, that at the present rate of progress even those future historians will have dispensed with unnecessary clothing and the new race of Nudists will have come into being. Or will the pendulum have swung the other way and in Chapter III of some as yet unborn Macaulay will the new generation read words like these: "The year 1932 was marked by scenes of unbridled licence—particularly during the great heat wave which occurred during the month of August. Decency and that proper respect for the body were thrown to the winds and the whole world stood forth in a disgraceful state of uncladness. The Nations were toppling upon the brink of bankruptcy. Comparison may be drawn with the late Roman times characterized by every sort of corruption and licence, and indeed nearly every seaside town in 1932 was walking the road to Daphne and the pleasure cities of Asia Minor. In Germany young men bathed openly and wantonly with either no covering at all or at best the very least. In France women appeared in streets in the scantiest of bathing costumes hideously striped and bedizened, and in England the parks were besieged by women with a most un-British disregard for the respect due to their sex. In America things were even worse and the people seemed desirous only of losing the natural beauty of ivory skins and acquiring an unhealthy tan in seeming emulation of the coloured peoples of the earth."

Whichever the verdict we cannot foretell it, and it need not concern us. We had best decide for ourselves on the merit or demerits of the case. Is our beach pyjama cult only an outcome of sudden heat waves or is it more deeply seated? Are we genuinely interested in the eugenic aspect of the question and not in the unrestrained sex aspect or the pleasurable aspect? Is it altogether wise to accustom small children to the habit of being quite naked? Without a doubt our manners and modes of the year would have shaken our grandfathers "to the back teeth," as the saying goes. Not that there is any point in not being pretty fairly nude upon the beach. That is the proper place. But in the streets possibly a little more clothing is welcome. Those coast resorts which forbid the use of bathing slips for men are just as much in the wrong as other extremists. But imagine the junior clerk walking into the office in a bright bathing suit with a cheerful "Good-morning."

Possibly, however, we shall not lose our good sense. The recent "moral clean-up in Germany" may be the starting of a world attempt to check undue extravagances in the matter of the bare-backed holiday, while conceding the maximum amount of freedom in the right place and at the right time. The decision of the German Government to stamp out the Nudist movement represents the first social effort of the Von Papen Ministry, comprising the older and more conservative type of German mentality, as opposed to the previous more lax Socialistic regime. The whole world has a civilization in its hands; and a civilization is not a natural state. How then can we preserve that civilization if we desire to cultivate in a preponderating degree the pleasures of the body, and live in a state of nudity not far removed from that of our earlier ancestors?

At the same time let us hope that we shall not be forced by legislation to wear pantaloons again or to go down to the sea in woebegone black bathing suits or regulation swimming trousers.

Seaside parades have all witnessed this August phenomenon—a scene at Thorpe Bay

The same everywhere—Janet Plume of Chicago flies to an air club dinner

Straps and stripes fail to produce a smile from the icy salesman

Daring young things on their way to a swim at Balham

THE FASHION of BARE BACKS

Balloon trousers in the hayfields of North Wales induce a joyous mood

Three trousered belles—all prize-winners at Cliftonville—are typical of 1932

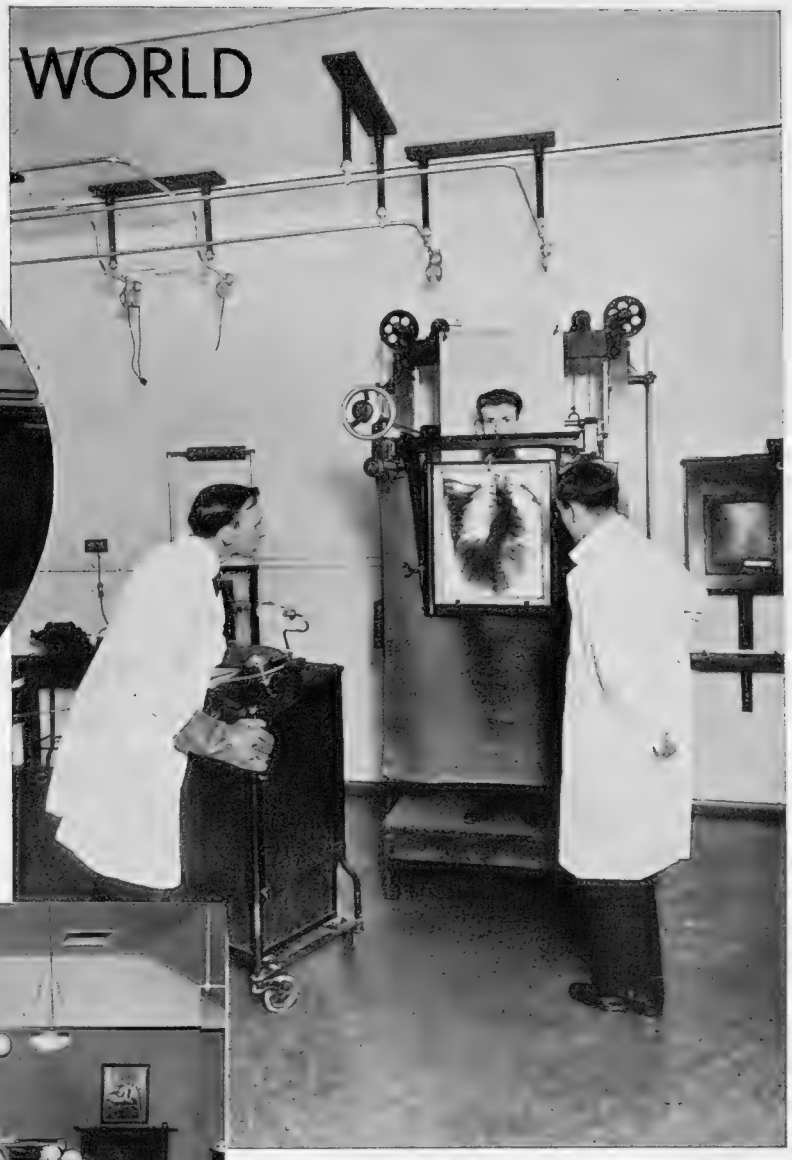
Belted, bloused, and trousered to their hearts' delight—at Bognor Regis

"I work hard; why should I not play?" A vignette at Waterloo Station

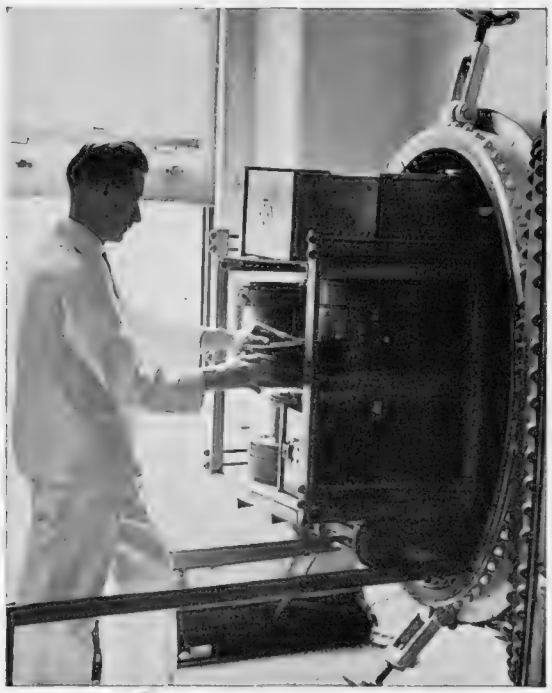
THE CRAZE for TROUSERS

NEWS from THE MEDICAL WORLD

PHOTOGRAPHING the chest and stomach of a boy with the Snook's X-ray apparatus at the London Homœopathic Hospital, originally founded eighty-two years ago



LOOKING AT A CURVED SPINE: The patient whose head and feet are seen here is being "screened" for examination. The spine becomes visible for examination under this treatment at the Homœopathic Hospital



A GIANT STEAM DISINFECTOR, with a pressure equal to 40 lbs. to the square inch, is used at the Homœopathic Hospital to disinfect all the bandages, aprons, etc. The articles finally appear in another room

STAFF-SISTERS AT TEA: The kitchens of the Homœopathic Hospital provide over 1,000 meals a day

DISPENSING MEDICINES: Over 750 prescriptions are made up at the London Homœopathic Hospital daily. At the recent centenary meeting of the British Medical Association this system of medicine was very favourably discussed

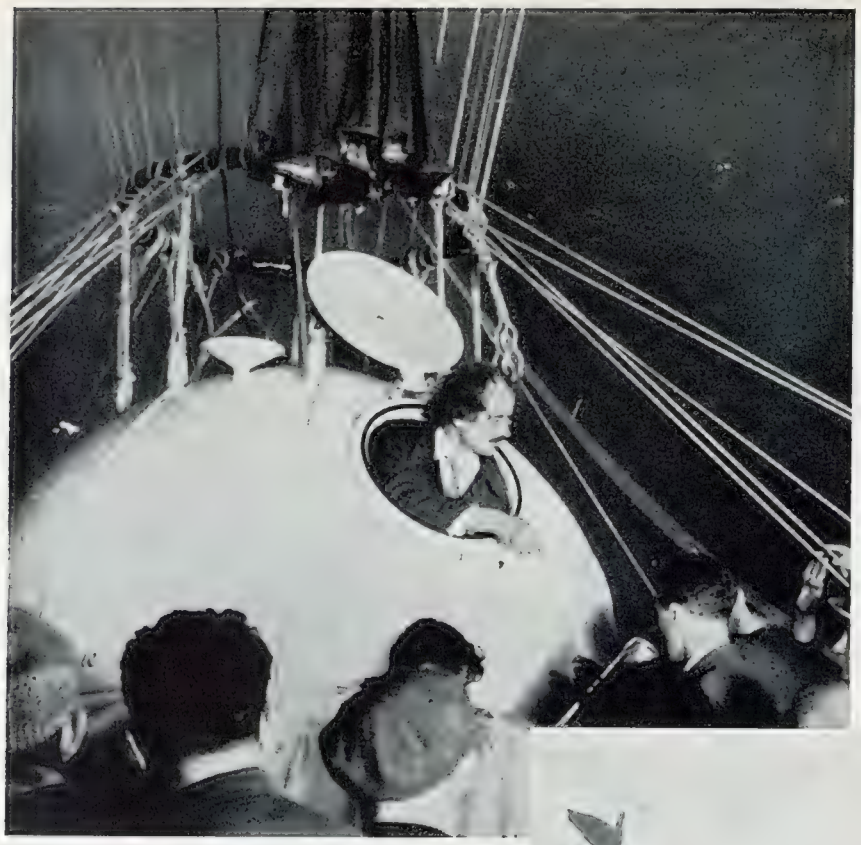
DANGER OF DUST AND POISON GASES: The Commercial Hygiene Laboratory in Berlin has been working on the question of combating gas and dust poisoning

TREATMENT WITH WATER: The Berlin University Institute has been concentrating on the beneficent effects of water treatment for many ailments

HEAT AND MOISTURE OF THE BODY: A very exact balance has been employed by the American Society of Heating and Ventilation to determine the heat and moisture losses of the human body under varying conditions of temperature and humidity

HUNTING the STRATOSPHERE

Eleven Miles Up in a Balloon

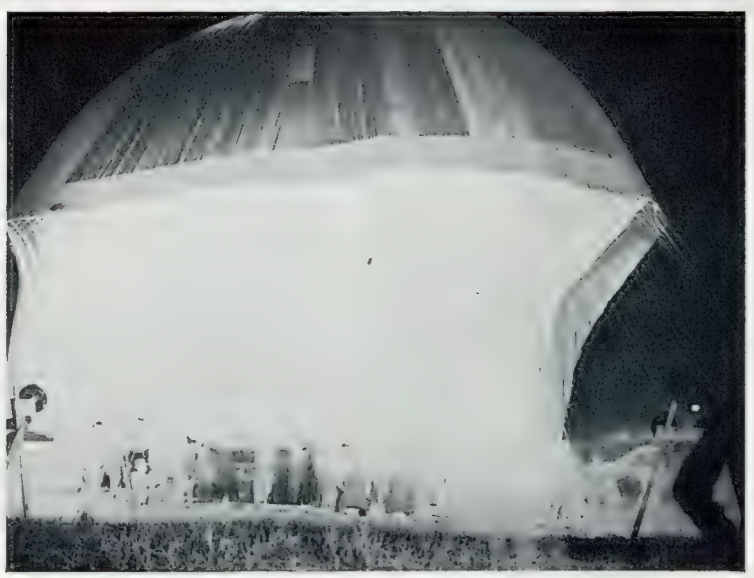


A LAST WORD FROM THE GONDOLA: Professor Piccard had a last word with his friends before soaring up from Zurich at dawn

"MY PRECIOUS INSTRUMENTS": Professor Piccard took with him a number of delicate instruments for measuring ray pressure and other phenomena. His first thought on descent was for their safety

AU REVOIR: Professor Piccard giving a final wave of the hand before entering the new gondola. A number of ballast bags are at his left hand

THE SCENE AT NIGHT: Zurich presented a curious sight with its flood-lit aerodrome, and thousands of visitors journeyed to the town from many quarters. The town has, in fact, greatly benefited by the professor's expedition. Aeroplanes were unable to follow the balloon very far



THE GIANT BALLOON FILLS OUT: During the night of Wednesday the big envelope began to fill with gas. Scores of ropes held the balloon to the ground

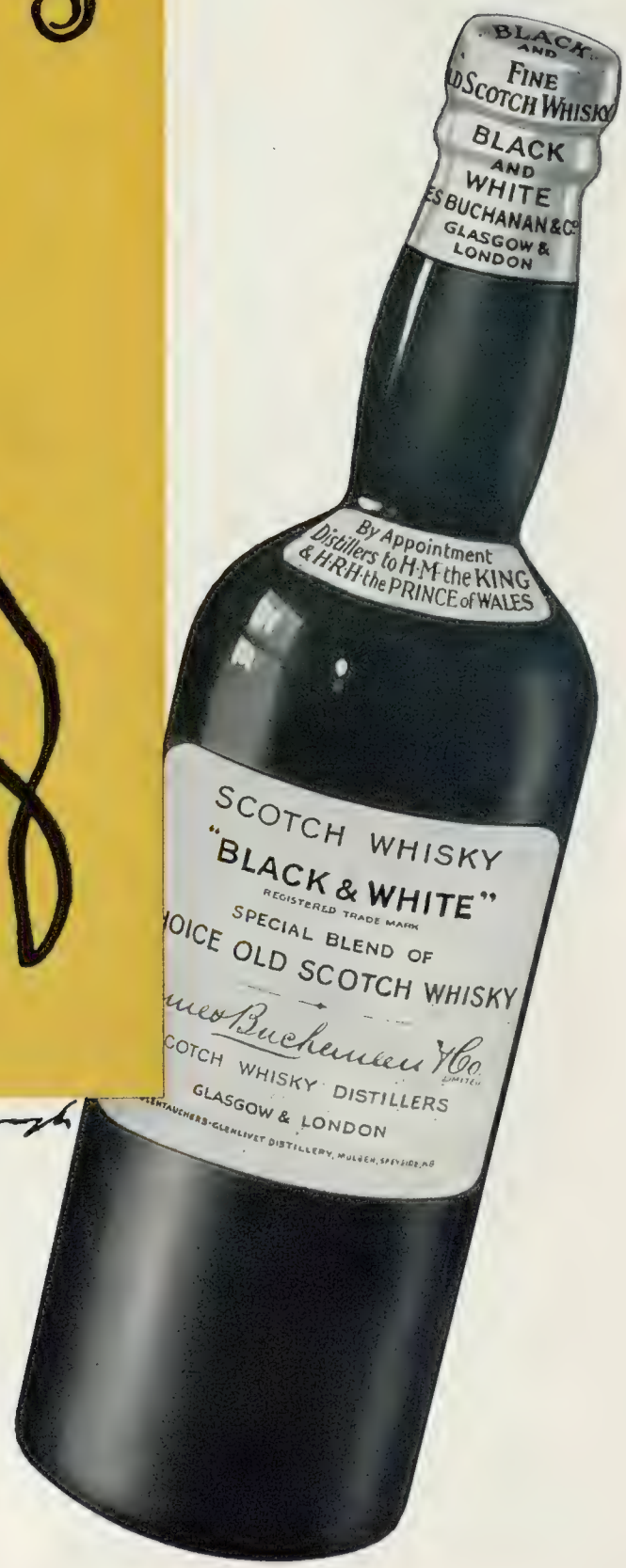
AN ELONGATED PEAR: The Piccard balloon when it started skywards presented this curious shape; in outward appearance it was very different from the usual spherical balloon with the conventional basket car

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT

C.F.H.

In a Class by Itself



GAME AND SET...

NOW FOR A

"BLACK & WHITE"

"I have gone thence to a punt on the river. In the noonday there is not a sound"

BOOKS: Proust Shaken on His Throne

By CECIL ROBERTS

Can it be possible? This England, usually so full of gloom; this August, so often a month of exasperation, has visited upon us a beautiful surprise. A young Frenchman, my guest for the moment in the country, cannot understand why we are so uncomplimentary about our weather. His home is on the Riviera where, in the summer months, the quest for shade is the chief obsession, for he shares with the Italians the belief that only dogs and Englishmen lie in the sun, and ignores the mad mob that gathers in roasting parties at Juan-les-Pins.

It is his first visit to England and, having chosen the least rainy month by repute, he arrived armed with a fur coat and a mackintosh and proceeded straightway in London to purchase that emblem of the travelling Englishman, an umbrella. I could not deride his outfit. It is nine years since I spent an August in England; but an adverse exchange and a complete nauseation with the refrain of *Giovanezza*, bawled incessantly by little patriots attired in funeral black, have driven me from my customary summer haunt. But I recall how, on that golden strand of the Lido, I received and read with satisfaction letters from England, with the certain assurance that it was wet, it was gloomy, it was cold, and the sun had not been seen for several weeks.

Now I begin to doubt if it could have been true. I have retreated from the lawn to the shade of a cypress tree. I have gone thence to a punt on the river. In the noonday there is not a sound, not a breeze. I am accompanied by a Frenchman, six novels, and a bottle of lemonade. My French guest, prone in the bottom of the punt, with one brown arm trailing in the water and a pool gathering from his bathing costume, informs me he will never understand the English.

"You say it ever rains, it is full of the *brouillard*, it drips with the wetness or bites you with the coldness, and it is tropical! tropical!" With this complaint, he slides into the water again. "Proust," he informs me, spluttering as he turns over, "knew nothing about the French aristocracy"—for we are discussing Proust now. "He did not belong to it, he was never received by it, he knew nothing about it. He makes us a race of nervous snobs. All his aristocrats are for ever troubled by the fear that they may not be taken for aristocrats. It was really Proust, a little Jew *bourgeois*, who was anxious. I'm sure his hand trembled whenever he rang a bell in the Faubourg St. Germain!"

I had always thought this myself, but had never quite dared to say so. The Proust cult is already withering. It is dead in France; but a few years ago, when poor Scott-Moncrieff was in the full flood of translation, any hint that the god had social bunions on his shuffling feet would have aroused a storm of dissent. That discerning critic, Desmond MacCarthy, had his doubts also. "I have never set foot in the Faubourg St. Germain, and therefore I cannot check Proust's account of the people in it; but what strikes anyone who has come in contact with people in a similar relation to the rest of society in England is that if Proust is not exaggerating something, the social atmosphere of the aristocracy in France must be markedly different from what it is in England . . . that an English aristocrat in the position of Charlrus should, at the close of the Verdurin's party, boast with radiant self-satisfaction that no other man in France could have induced so many exclusive people to come, is nearly inconceivable. I may be wrong, but Proust's aristocrats strike me as having the social outlook which, in England, is the mark of the *declassé* snob."

MacCarthy is not wrong. Proust travestied his aristocrats. The French aristocrat is proud, narrow, reserved, but he is never nervous about his own exclusiveness. With no king at the head of his class, no court to set the standard of acceptance, he is free from all those democratizing influences which have invaded our own aristocracy and made it indistinguishable, either by birth, accomplishments, or manners, from the crowd. In France there is no fount of honours to water the stream of blue blood as in this country, where the excessive playing of the fountain has diluted the stream.

"Proust is the *least* French of the French," said my guest, coming up from the depths of the Thames and spluttering out the words as he caught hold of a side of the punt.

"Look out, you're ruining these books!" I exclaimed.

"This is a scene from Cocteau!" spluttered my friend. "When I write a play I shall open with a punt on the River Thames, on a very hot day. And no one will believe it! Why do not your poets ever speak of the heat? There is not a hot poet in all English literature!"

This view of English literature made me laugh. I was at a loss to think of a single "hot poem." And then my eye fell upon a book lying in the bottom of the punt.

"Yes, there is. Here's a whole book full of them," I cried. I almost added, "but they are not poems."

Many will disagree with me, of course, when they read *Collected Poems*, by D. H. Lawrence (Secker. 10s. 6d.). There are five hundred pages of these poems, and I cannot find a single one which gives me that authentic thrill such as I remember when reading Shelley, Keats, or Milton. There is rhymed verse in the early mode of Lawrence, there is *vers libre;* but whatever the form, the quality of beauty is missing. Force he has—his violent erotic anger flames from most of these outbursts—but they are most of them destroyed by the dæmon that obsessed Lawrence and wrecked him as an artist. The motive of sex is the only thing that has power to stir him. Just as his prose was impregnated with his erotomania, so is his verse. Often he falls ludicrously—

Miss Naomi Jacob, whose latest novel, *Young Emmanuel*, is here reviewed

> Evil, what is evil?
> There is only one evil, to deny life
> As Rome denied Etruria,
> And mechanical America Montezuma still.

Surely this is cacophony at its worst? He cannot look at an almond tree without returning to the thought of flesh and nudity—

> Think of it, from iron fastness
> Suddenly to dare to come out naked, in perfection
> Of blossom beyond the sword-thrust,
> Think to stand there in full unfolded nudity!

And a "naked tree of blossom," which is surely a contradiction of terms, becomes "like a bridegroom bathing in dew." I am tempted to ask since when has it been the custom of bridegrooms to bathe in dew? Is this an offshoot of the Germanic and Britannic cult of *Naktkultur?*

Even the humble tortoise becomes a symbol of sex-appeal. In a long poem on "Tortoise Gallantry" he presents a revolting picture of animal passion, and gloats over the details.

There is strength in this anger of the poet against life, but the cry of a tortured spirit has only one note, and that is pathological. Even a fig and the eating of it is transmuted into sheer bestiality. If anyone should doubt this, read the fifth verse of "Figs." The true mind of this man lies exposed to you there, and explains the genesis of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. He looks upon a cypress and finds it vicious. His social system is allied with his master-passion—

> What rot, to see cabbage and hibiscus-tree
> As equals!
> What rot, to say the louts along the *Corso*
> In Sunday suits and yellow shoes
> Are my equals!

Sometimes he slips into beauty perforce. And to *vers libre* he gives a haunting melody when he forgets the thing that goaded him into insanity—

> The coming of the chanting choristers
> Between the avenue of cypresses,
> The silence of the many villagers,
> The candle flames beside the surplices.

I have always turned to the work of Miss Naomi Jacob with lively expectation and have never been disappointed. She has a vivid imagination and a gift of bright dialogue which is natural and easy flowing. Her new book, *Young Emmanuel* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), will maintain her reputation. We return in it to the Gollantz family, first met in *That Wild Lie*. This time it is the fate of the two sons of Max Gollantz, young Emmanuel and Julian, that we follow. They are vividly contrasted in their natures. Julian is selfish and ambitious, Emmanuel has the tradition and pride of his house ever in his thoughts. He is severely tried at a crisis in the family's fortune. But the action is wider and deeper than the personal drama. Miss Jacob has the true gift that gives to her figures a symbolic importance, and in following the temptation of Emmanuel we see, as often in Conrad's work, the severe testing of the human soul. It is a work of grave and singular distinction.

God Created Them Apart, by Maboth Moseley (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), is a very modern, about-town story of a beautiful, spoilt wife, intelligent, witty, and yet wholly odious. Her devoted husband has all our sympathy. Personally I should have resorted to a horsewhip in similar circumstances, however much out of fashion. The book has tremendous gusto, and I marvel at Miss Moseley's dexterity in telling the story in the first person without ever letting herself get into a difficult corner. If I find these witty, young people very tiring, then it is because witty, young people are tiring, and it is no fault of the novelists. There is a touch of maliciousness about this book and one adorable small girl, Splits.

How different in manner and theme is *Billy Ditt*, by Thomas Rohan (Mills and Boon. 7s. 6d.). This story is told around the history of a Chippendale chair. Billy Ditt is an antique furniture dealer. It is an informative romance which tells us much about the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries, and besides a wealth of detail about china and furniture there is a very spirited story and a shrewd portrait of human nature. Mr. Rohan, an antique dealer with a soul, has turned novelist with considerable effect, and this book should find a host of friends among lovers of old and beautiful things.

Dicky Chimes, by Philip Knightrider (Cape. 7s. 6d.), is a novel in the manner of Fielding. There is a bewildering variety and richness of detail in this long saga of the history and adventures of Richard Fitzchimes. There are sixty-one chapters, and the movement covers the old world and the new, with Richard in a hundred rôles, ever plausible and insatiable in his zest of life. This, again, is a story in the first person; but as it is autobiographical in nature, like the adventures of Mr. Joseph Andrews, the author has placed himself under no handicap of time or place. The satire is delightful. How many Dr. Bottles there are in existence who have built up a great reputation on a mixture "composed entirely of cascara and a little common sense"!

BOOKS TO READ

THE WAVERLEY PAGEANT (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.). The Best Passages from the Scott novel selected, with a critical introduction by Hugh Walpole.

THE OSTREKOFF JEWELS (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). By that Prince of Story-tellers, E. Phillips Oppenheim.

MORTIMER BRICE (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). A powerful new novel by Robert Hichens.

EBB AND FLOW (John Lane. 7s. 6d.). A story of Liverpool "low life," by one of the coming young writers, James Hanley.

LAMENT FOR ADONIS (Benn. 7s. 6d.). By Edward Thompson. Another novel of the Near East by the man who wrote "A Farewell to India."

CONTANGO (Benn. 7s. 6d.). By James Hilton. An important and ambitious novel whose scenes are set in Switzerland, London, Hollywood, South America, New York, and an English village.

LARK ASCENDING (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). By Mazo de la Roche, whose name will be gratefully recalled by all lovers of good literature.

VALIANT DUST (John Murray. 7s. 6d.). By P. C. Wren, who has here recaptured the true atmosphere of his world-renowned "Beau Geste."

PLAYS when AUGUST is

MISS ORIEL ROSS takes the part of the beautiful Empress Catherine the Great in *Casanova* at the Coliseum. The famous hero flies from the Empress, but no one in the big Coliseum audiences can imagine why he does so. The Empress in this scene wears a fur riding-coat which must be the envy of every woman who has seen it

Miss Edith Evans and a distinguished critical colleague have drawn attention to the presence on the stage to-day of "short and snappy dialogue" in place of the elegant periods of what was in itself a more elegant period. The difference between the two is that the actress laments the absence of fine language and the critic is delighted that it has passed.

It was the old-time tragedian in *Trelawney of the Wells* who sighed that in Robertsonian comedy there was nothing to get his teeth into, so the attitude of Miss Evans is traditional.

I confess to being more in sympathy with this attitude than with the other. The revolt against staginess, pomposity, artificiality, and kindred failings of the Victorian era has resulted in the worship of "naturalness" to an idolatrous degree. Drab realism has become a fetish. Because the modern tendency in real life is to talk in "short and snappy" fashion, it is considered essential that our modern dramatists should reproduce that form of dialogue with photographic exactitude. Dialogue, it is argued, must not only be short and snappy, but short and scrappy. Monosyllables should, as far as possible, be used; a sentence must never by any chance balance and must usually be left incomplete. Since the average gang of people talking in a real room does not give forth much in the way of wit, a similar gang in a stage room is made correspondingly dull, the author sternly repressing any temptation to be amusing—not, in most cases, a matter of much difficulty.

This method of play-making is based on the fallacious supposition that it is the business of the dramatist to be photographic. It is not. Just as the actor's job is not to *be* natural but to give a performance of being natural (which is something quite different and demanding technique of a high order), so is it the dramatist's job to produce the effect of natural dialogue and not actually to write it.

If things are to be done and said on the stage precisely as they are said and done off the stage, any question of art vanishes altogether. Indeed, I fail to see any reason why in this case people should go to the theatre at all.

We have smiled contemptuously at Mr. Vincent Crummles and his pump with real water. Yet to-day many people of the theatre are making themselves just as absurd as Mr. Crummles, without that hero's undoubted sense of theatrical effect. For Mr. Crummles did at any rate suggest that a play should be written round that real water. Your modern Nature-fanatic would have nothing but the water—and precious flat water at that. Too much staginess is, of course, intolerable. Heaven preserve us from the Wardour Street English of the costume play and from the still more preposterous "literary" play. But much undeserved abuse has been flung of late at Sir Arthur Pinero and his literary style.

Sir Arthur has, it is true, frequently made people talk to each other on the stage in stately prose passages which no one would use away from it. But he has done this far less than one might gather from recent somewhat superficial onslaughts on Pineroism. In the farces and in many parts of the comedies Sir Arthur is not in the least stilted; his plays would not, if they had been written in the alleged ridiculous jargon, have achieved the success they did with a generation not composed of fools by a very long chalk.

When Sir Arthur did err (as I venture to think he sometimes did) he erred on the right side. With his instinct for the theatre he knew that to make a stage duchess talk precisely like a real duchess would lead nowhere. The secret is to know exactly how "unnatural" to be.

Which brings me to Mr. Van Druten's new play at the St. James's Theatre, *Behold, We Live*. Mr. Van Druten, successful dramatist though he is, has not realized that if one takes a tragic theme, one must give to it the language of tragedy. One may call this "noble" language, or merely our old friend, "something to get one's teeth into."

By this I do not mean strings of high-falutin' words and masses of insincere verbosity. But the play did demand the happy medium. It received only an unhappy scrappiness through that determination to make its protagonists talk about suicide, hopeless love, or approaching death as if they were discussing a new brand of cigarettes or complaining that the laundry had not sent back all the handkerchiefs. I do not believe that this sort of lingo in the circumstances is even true to nature. Human beings, even English human beings, are apt to become quite eloquent without a trace of self-consciousness, when faced with really big issues.

Sir Gerald du Maurier and Miss Gertrude Lawrence seemed to be cramped by the author's drab small-talk in their handling of his sombre story. Miss Lawrence did not improve matters on the first night by allowing very little of the small-talk allotted to her to be heard at all.

But I must congratulate her on preserving a tragically miserable appearance when in that semi-audible

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER (Marjorie Corbett) has induced Fifi to get her a small part in the film. She is cast for the part of a lady's maid—in the heart of the jungle in West Africa—hundreds of miles from civilization

CAPTAIN HARPER, the adjutant (Basil Foster) "falls" for the film star, Fifi Delamere (Adele Dixon) who induces him to obtain permission for some "shots" to be made of the troops in Bilchester barracks

SCENES FROM ORDERS" at the

MISS EDITH EVANS, the distinguished actress, now taking the part of the prima donna in *Evensong* at the Queen's Theatre, has in a recent discussion supported the need for good writing in dialogue, as opposed to the ultra-modern clipped sentences of some playwrights. She is herself, of course, eminently capable of handling fine diction

THE ADVENTURE OF RONALD Captain and Quartermaster Clive Currie as Colonel Bel- Shaftesbury—a bright

HERE— By PHILIP PAGE

Miss Edith Evans is for Fine Words Finely Spoken: The New Van Druten Play at the St. James's: The Lure of Grand Guignol and Other Matters of the Stage

first act Sir Gerald had to tell her that suicide is not good form. Anyone on the verge of suicide confronted with a remark like that would either promptly include in the shooting the person who made it, or roar with laughter. Poor Miss Lawrence was not permitted to do either, or even to argue the point, which is a difficult one.

I must ask Mr. Galsworthy.

Miss Lawrence wanted to shoot herself because her husband, a drunken rotter who was very far removed from good form, continually threatened to do it for her. He left her in a Paris hotel to entertain a party and made for Cannes and another woman.

In that party was a middle-aged barrister full of good advice, even as was Sir George Alexander in this very theatre. He lectured her in the kindly fashion in which Sir George lectured Miss Irene Vanbrugh in *His House in Order* and followed her to her flat in Shepherd Market, where they fell in love with each other. She was able to divorce her rascally husband but his wife spitefully refused to oblige, although his mother gave the lovers her blessing. That to me seems good and sufficient reason for the wife's obstinacy.

The two are happy together for a while until a kind friend steps out of *La Dame aux Camélias* to tell the woman that she is damaging the career of her barrister who has missed a judgeship on her account. He saves the possibility of her damaging it any further by undergoing a serious operation and dying under the anæsthetic.

Behold We Live is little more than a duologue. It is cleverly developed and well constructed. Much can be said in favour of a play which can hold the attention in spite of consistently poor writing and an almost total lack of humour. For the recitation by Miss Lawrence of schoolroom poetry in a Belgian accent was too light even for light relief.

As a godsend came the appearances of Miss Eileen Peel, who was extraordinarily amusing and charming, and can caricature without overdoing it. Since Miss Peel, at the Vaudeville, recently played an *ingénue* without being colourless, there is no saying exactly how far she will go, though I am convinced that it will be very far indeed.

Miss Lawrence in the later acts played extremely well the part of a miserable woman striving for happiness. The slightest handle for comedy she clutched at brilliantly. But the character is an unsatisfactory one. Why, for instance, did she receive amiably in Act II, and ply with friendly cocktails the drunken ex-husband bully who nearly murdered her in Act I?

Sir Gerald was his easy self throughout, and it was not his fault that this barrister was a dullish fellow to meet on the stage, and that his forensic brilliance had to be taken for granted.

Dame May Whitty contributed a kindly portrait of an exceptionally sympathetic stage mother, and Mr. Ronald Ward cleverly made the husband an appalling young scoundrel.

THE ADJUTANT and his batman, Private Goffin (Reginald Bach) tells him he is due for tennis with the Colonel's daughter. The adjutant had looked forward to spending the afternoon with Fifi

WANDA PALUKA, assistant film-director and "heavy woman" (Olive Blakeney) is overheard discussing with the adjutant the latter's love affairs. The batman's subsequent efforts to assist his "officer" gives rise to amusing complications

MISS EILEEN PEEL is a sweet little modern girl-of-the-season an adept with cocktails, cigarettes, and chatter in the new Van Druten play at the St. James's. She carries on the success she won in the dramatic version of *Vile Bodies*, produced by Lionel Barton at the Vaudeville when she acted opposite Robert Douglas as Adam

"ORDERS ARE ORDERS" AT THE SHAFTESBURY

THE RAT is the chief concern of Ledger (Cyril Smith); *on the left* is Lamy in *Orders are Orders* at the Service play

MUSICAL CHAIRS LOSES ITS AUTHOR: A scene from the brilliant comedy now being performed at the Criterion Theatre. The death of Mr. Ronald Mackenzie, the young author, in a motor-car accident in France is widely regretted. His play is chiefly remarkable for the excellence of two characters, the one acted by Mr. John Gielgud and the other by Miss Carol Goodner (on left)

I have paid a second visit to the non-stop Grand Guignol at the Duke of York's, and found that it was holding out very fairly well against the hot weather. Perhaps the creeping of the flesh is a cooling process. The pace, like the acting, is unequal. But Miss Lydia Sherwood in a rather too familiar under-world-of-Paris scene was very fine, and so, too, was Mr. Frederick Ross, whom I am glad to see back in the West End again.

"Horror heaped on horror's head" is, on the whole, more attractive than the type of entertainment which would be more correctly named "definite agony unendurably prolonged." But I have always considered villainous people on the stage preferable to villainous jokes. And in Grand Guignol we are, at any rate, spared the silly school-boy indecency which is a feature of certain of the non-stop variety shows.

What, I wonder, does the average non-travelled provincial playgoer imagine Paris to be like? The *City of Light* nonsense has become so firmly fixed a tradition that in the eyes of many English people the capital city of a great if not a particularly friendly nation cannot have any other than a purely (or, impurely) prurient significance.

Our touring revues may be as pure as the driven snow; I do not remember to have seen one. But their titles are deliberately suggestive, with a pathetic attempt to hint to the good folk of Middlesbrough or Tonypandy that the show—probably quite innocuous—will reveal the secret nocturnal orgies of a city wholly given over to vice. There is something pathetic about the whole business, and with growing depression did I read the following list of touring revues (intended to brighten up Kettering, St. Helens, Gateshead, Preston, etc.) which I quote from an excellent theatrical journal:

Belle Parisienne
Beauties of Paris
Follies Masquerade
French Mustard
Joie de Vivre
Nuit de Folie
Nuit de Joie
Nuit Vie de Montmartre
(That's a good 'un)
Restez la Nuit
Sandy in Paris
Spice of Paris
Sous le Rideau

(Continued on p. 326)

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

MLLE MARIE POUILLOT, who has been awarded a medal for bravery during a recent alarm at a concert. She induced the audience to sing the Marseillaise with her

JAPANESE CHAMPION SOPRANO: Miss Yoshito Sato returns to Tokio after five years absence, and receives a cordial welcome at the station

A WOMAN DETECTIVE: Mlle Ebba Johannsen has a great reputation on the Continent, and many picturesque stories have clustered round her

A COLOURED LEAGUE MEETS IN SOUTH LONDON: Sir Reginald and Lady Stubbs attended the league's meeting last week. Sir Reginald is Governor of Jamaica; he is here seen chatting to Miss Marson (Jamaica), Miss Cole (Lagos), and Miss Bucknor (Lagos)

PREPARING FOR ANOTHER EUROPEAN FLIGHT: Miss Winifred Spooner, the well-known aviatrix, is here seen at Staaken in Germany. She is engaged in a "Round Europe" air race. The tail of her 'plane is resting on the back of the towing car

A TRIO OF YOUNG HORSE-WOMEN: The Misses Asquith made an attractive trio at the Tetcott Hunt Gymkhana, which was held at Bude, Cornwall, a few days ago. They were very prettily mounted

These semi-formal gowns show interesting neck and sleeve treatments. Deep ruby, Fashion's favourite colour for Autumn, is used for the left-hand model and black ring velvet for that on the right. White crocheted gloves are a delicious novelty. From Harrods

The long-limbed line is accentuated in this gown of white romaine, an all-white toilette particularly becoming just now to these fortunate possessors of a sun-tanned skin

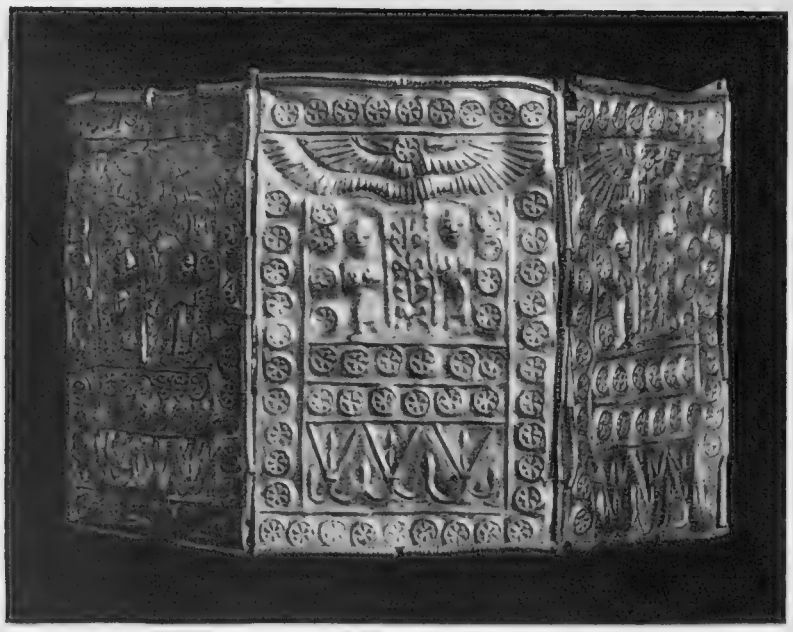
Cascades of fullness in this long-skirted gown are in distinct contrast to the gown on the opposite side of this page. The blue velvet jacket has a becoming scarf collar, a slightly varied interpretation of the puff sleeves

Forecast for Autumn

An evening gown of orange velvet by Vera Borea has a detachable jacket fastening at the new high waistline and reveals again the popular "streamline"

Pyjamas for the informal evening party are to remain. On the left a graceful model in white has "trousers" of exaggerated fullness and a cummerbund of red and white spot crêpe. The seated figure is wearing a red and white striped suit with red buttons

A youthful gown with skirt of immense pleated fullness. The corsage has long ends which loop in front and tie at the back to give the new Princess effect



TWO GOLD CROWNS OF OLD PHŒNICIA: These two crowns come from Adolf Schiller's collection of antique art which has been on exhibition in the Berlin Museum of Antiquities. It is said to be the finest collection of small articles of ancient art in Germany. The one on the left consists of seven rectangular plates of thin gold. The edge has been decorated with fine notches and then curled up, forming a tubular roll. The seven gold plates resemble one another, but from various small differences one can detect that they were not pressed out of one mould. The figures of two gods appear with a sacred tree growing between them. The crown on the right also consists of rectangular plates of gold, each one of which is divided into two parts. The upper (and smaller) portion represents a goat with great horns standing by the side of some plants resembling lilies. The lower portion shows two nude goddesses, almost exactly alike, who are united in friendly hand-clasp

ART and ARCHÆOLOGY

A GATE OF BABYLON: A wonderful reconstruction in the Berlin Museum of the Ishtar Gate, which stood at the end of the processional way of Marduk. Its outer surface was and is covered with glazed tiles and representations of bulls, dragons, and lions. Some of these animal figures are executed with extraordinary fidelity. There is a lion with snarling jaws and decorative mane which is a marvel of balanced composition

THE ART OF W. EGGINTON, R.I.: This charming water-colour is by Mr. Egginton, who has a particularly happy touch with Highland scenery in its many moods. This picture shows a misty morning on Rannoch Moor with one of the innumerable boggy pools in the foreground

BLYTHBURGH CHURCH, by Bertram Nicholls, who has caught the spirit of this bold buttressed tower, which stands out with impressive severity

"OFF SHORE ON A BLOWY DAY": This attractive composition is also by Bertram Nicholls and was exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition which has just recently closed its doors. Mr. Nicholls is the distinguished President of the Royal Society of British Artists

SCREEN STUFF

UNPRICED HEADS IN *MILLION DOLLAR LEGS!* An example of the number of varied types available to a skilful casting director in Hollywood — a picture chosen at random from the Paramount studios. The inspired artist, the keen mechanical business man, the gangster, the immigrant, the embryo district-attorney, and the detective may be read (by the imaginative) from left to right

THE CHIVALRY OF THE NAVY: Admiral von Spee refuses to drink "Damnation to the British Navy," but toasts instead "A gallant enemy"—a scene from *The Deeds Men Do*, the pictured story of Coronel and Falkland which has created a distinct sensation in screenland

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT: A spectacular scene in the Betta Films production, *The Deeds Men Do*, wherein the (on both sides) heroic history of Coronel and Falkland is depicted

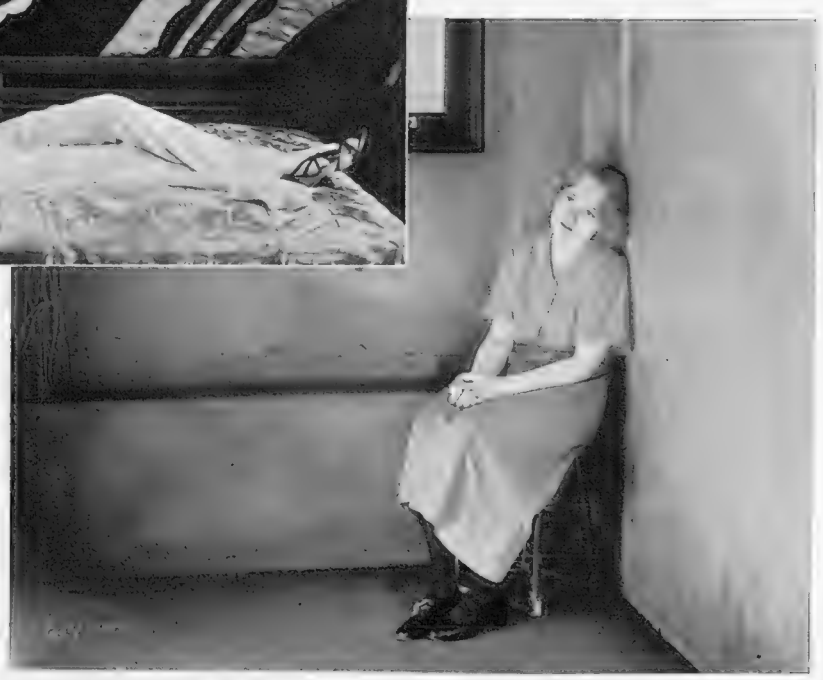
THE PRICE OF A KISS: Mr. Phillips Holmes and Miss Anita Page in *Justice for Sale*

ENGLISH STARS: Miss Diane Napier and Miss Merle Oberon, who have been "discovered" by Mr. Alexander Korda

BEHIND THE WIRE: An imaginatively produced "shot" from *Justice for Sale*

THE HAND ON THE THROTTLE: Master Dickie Moore in the cab of a locomotive in *Million Dollar Legs*, a Paramount production

Inset above—TAKING HER EASE: Miss Merle Oberon in a decorative setting from *Young Apollo*—the new London Film production



DESPAIR: Miss Anita Page in *Justice for Sale*, the gangster film that has created a great success over here

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

A BEAUTY OF BRITAIN THREATENED

A Plea for "Whitehall," Shrewsbury, a Perfect Elizabethan Mansion

THE OCTAGONAL COLUMBARIUM of Elizabethan brick is a unique structure. It has 650 niches for nests

THE DECORATIVE CHIMNEY CLUSTER of Whitehall towering over the old wall — a view from the road

In the autumn of last year a joint meeting convened by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the National Trust was held in Shrewsbury in order to awaken in the inhabitants a sense of the value of the beautiful Elizabethan residence known as "Whitehall." There was no lack of eloquent speakers to back up the appeal against its destruction for the sake of building material and the land it stood on. But Shrewsbury was unable to respond to this appeal, though the house is among its most famous buildings.

An enthusiast in architecture and an expert in his knowledge of old furniture, Captain W. G. Dugdale acquired this house a number of years ago and hoped to make it a paying proposition as an hotel and a show house for rare furniture. But things did not go too well. In 1924 Captain Dugdale was offering to sell it for £8,000. The two societies mentioned above were interested in the offer but the money could not be found, and the kitchen garden was sold for building land, fetching £1,750. In 1927 most of the panelling in the house was stripped and sent to America. £4,000 was paid for it. Captain Dugdale never lost faith in his ability somehow to save the house from ultimate destruction, and even went to the expense (it cost him £1,000) of restoring the walls of the rooms and having them re-covered with a good modern Georgian-style panelling.

It was some time after this that Captain Dugdale offered the house that had now lost its original panelling and kitchen garden for £3,500, the estimated value of the entire site for building purposes. The red light was showing, but at this stage the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings stepped in and made a loan on the security of the property. At the same time it obtained an option to buy for £3,500.

That was the position at the time of the joint meeting in Shrewsbury last autumn, which produced no effective result.

Since then the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has bought the property for a sum slightly under the option money. The point to-day is that the building cannot "be kept." It must "keep itself." That, then, is the object of this notice. *It does not contain an appeal for funds*, but it seeks to discover through the help of readers some means by which the house may be saved and made to "pay its way."

A description of "Whitehall" must of necessity be very brief. In the first place it should be stressed that it is in perfect order and repair and is as ready to be lived in as if built a year ago. Actually it dates from 1581, the year that saw the beginning of the construction of "Montacute," that magnificent mansion which lately passed through the hands of the S.P.A.B. into those of the National Trust.

"Whitehall" was built by one Prince a distinguished lawyer of the Middle Temple and a Member of Parliament. A scribe of the time wrote:—"Maister Prince his house stands so trim and finely that it grayceth all the soil it is in." That is exactly what it does to this day. The pictures accompanying this article show the beauty of the place to-day.

A GLORY OF SHROPSHIRE: Whitehall, Shrewsbury, which has been bought by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and is available to purchaser or tenant at a merely "covering" cost. It is superbly equipped with all modern comforts which have in no way marred the historicity of the house

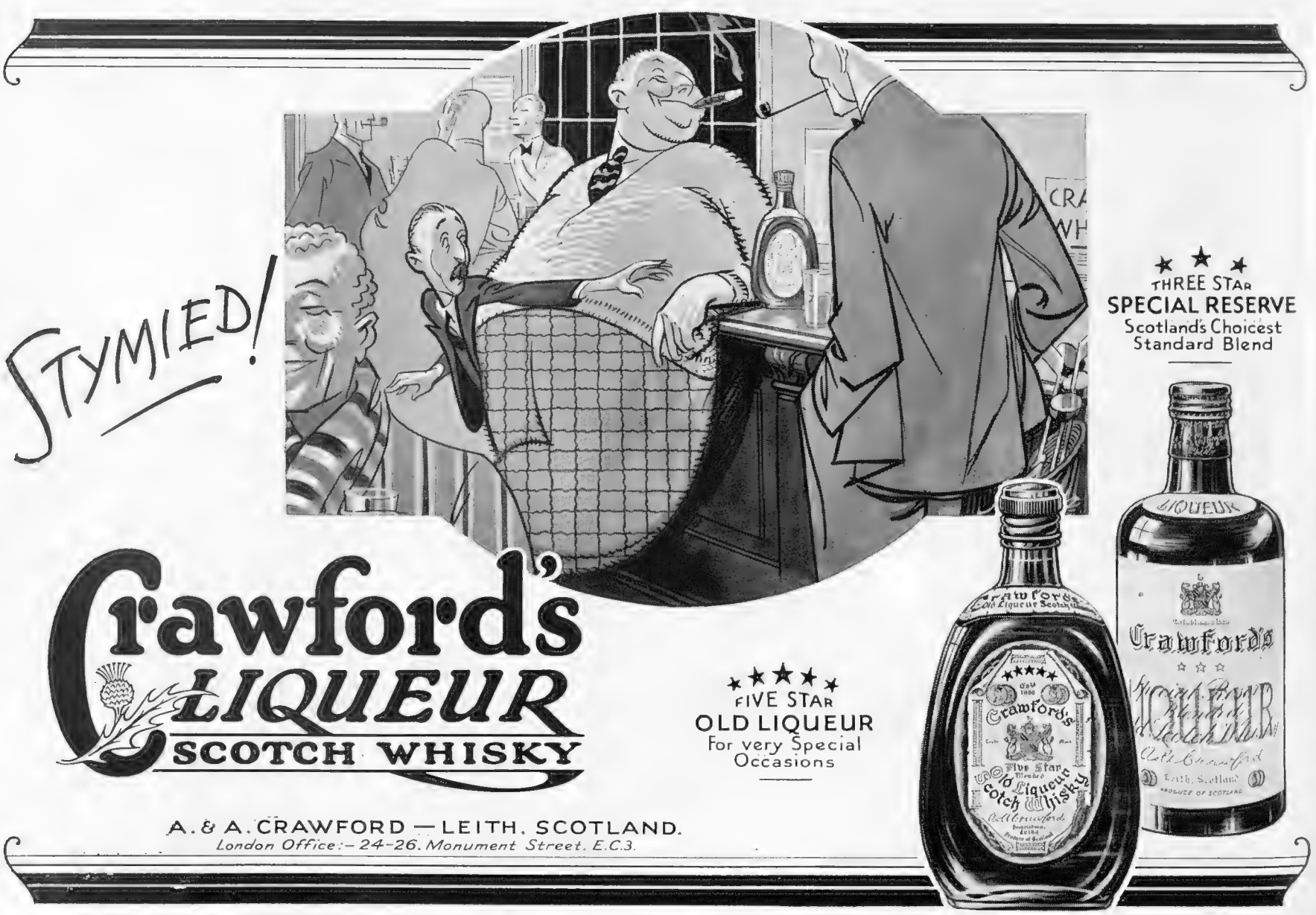
The house in design is probably unique among those of its period, for it stands quite square with three gables to each face. The chimneys are clustered and beautiful, and there is a fine cupola above the centre of the roof. It is called "Whitehall" because the red sandstone of which it is built was once whitewashed. Small sign of this remains.

"Whitehall," it should be repeated, is in perfect order. It has four magnificent reception rooms, twelve large bedrooms, two bathrooms and the most modern sanitation, with central heating and every conceivable device making for comfort.

A satisfactory use for the property must be found. The simplest way out would be to let it for private residence. It could be cheaply and easily run. Alternatively it could be used as a private hotel or boarding-house, a "country club" in town, with lawn tennis and badminton; a nursing home, convent or other institution. The range is unlimited, but a tenant must be found soon.

"Whitehall's" extraneous attractions can only be mentioned here. They include the rare gatehouse, little altered, and the beautiful octagonal columbarium of Elizabethan bricks with its fine arcaded cornice and its 650 niches for nests. This structure is acknowledged to be unique. Outbuildings, including the original brewhouse and a part of the "Abbots" Barn, are older than the mansion itself.

Here then is this delightful place, in a fair and historic town, awaiting a tenant who would be willing to pay in rent the small sum that would provide a reasonable interest on the society's purchase money. Surely "Whitehall" should not have to wait long.



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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

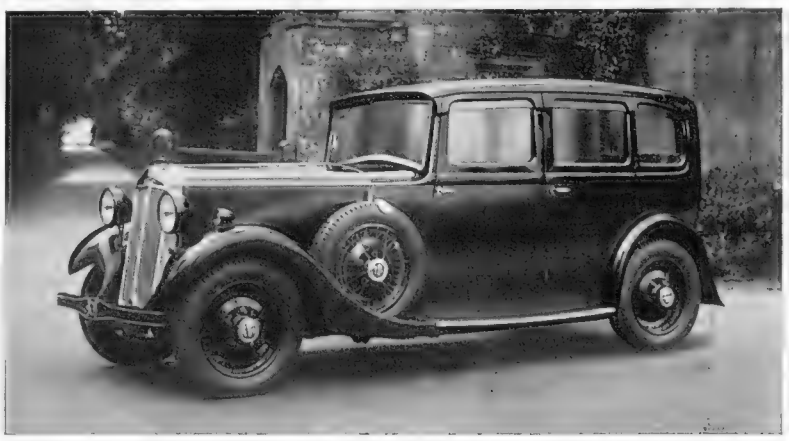
A CROSSLEY IN CHESHIRE: A Crossley Ten "Torquay" Saloon by Rede Mere, a lakelet with a floating island well-known to Cheshire fishermen

SEASIDE SELFISHNESS.—I have recently spent a week's holiday at my bungalow at Selsey, and during that time I have had at least ten instances of the carelessness — to use no stronger word — of motorists. My seaside home is the last building on the beach, and there is a very narrow, roughly-made track leading to it. Between my abode and the next bungalow there is a distance of about 150 yards, so that at the end farthest removed from me I have erected a barrier across the road. Before this gate is reached any motorist passes at least three huge notices informing him that the road is private and that no parking is permitted. On my own gate this warning is repeated, yet on ten occasions people have deliberately parked their cars right up at the gate, so that unless it is moved, which means that it has to go on the shingle, I cannot get away from my bungalow or to it as the case may be. When I have caught the drivers and pointed out the selfishness of their action they have stood open-mouthed and looked on me, I feel, as an aggressive and fussy landlord. These are the kind of people who obviously motor with the one object of deriving all the benefit they can for themselves and do not care two pennies how they inconvenience every other road user. Personally I am inclined to think that in the majority of cases it is pure thoughtlessness that allows them to park their cars on dangerous turns or at other places where a stationary car on the road is liable to add to the already existing dangers of passing traffic. Although I cover over 30,000 miles in a year I have not yet come across a mobile policeman moving on one of these dangerous drivers, yet every day I go out I spot an offender. Surely work such as this should be one of the primary duties of these new constables. They would be doing something to lessen the danger of the roads and it would be far more useful than chasing after some unfortunate driver the tail-lamp of whose car has gone out.

FAULTY BULBS.—Talking of tail-lamps prompts me to return once more to the subject of unsatisfactory electric bulbs. For a short period of three months those on my car appeared to stick it, but within the last ten days I have had four go, and on one occasion the tail- and the stop-light at the rear gave up the ghost together. Every time I am compelled to stop in a garage to buy replacements I always ask if this experience of mine is common or out of the way, but I always receive the same answer, namely, that bulbs are not nearly so good as they used to be. The other night when I required a replacement for one of my side lamps the mechanic had to take four out of stock before he struck one which was not overbright.

The three which I refused to have were of the correct voltage but they were so dazzling that I knew that their life could only be short and sweet. The firms who manufacture electric bulbs for motor-cars are all of high reputation and I would be very interested to know what their view of the matter can be. I have proved to my satisfaction that the dynamo is not at fault because I have had bulb after bulb go when the car has been left standing in a public parking-place. I cannot, of course, swear that the battery voltage does not vary and go higher than its nominal twelve volts, but I should be very surprised to learn that the ordinary car accumulator is capable of such pranks.

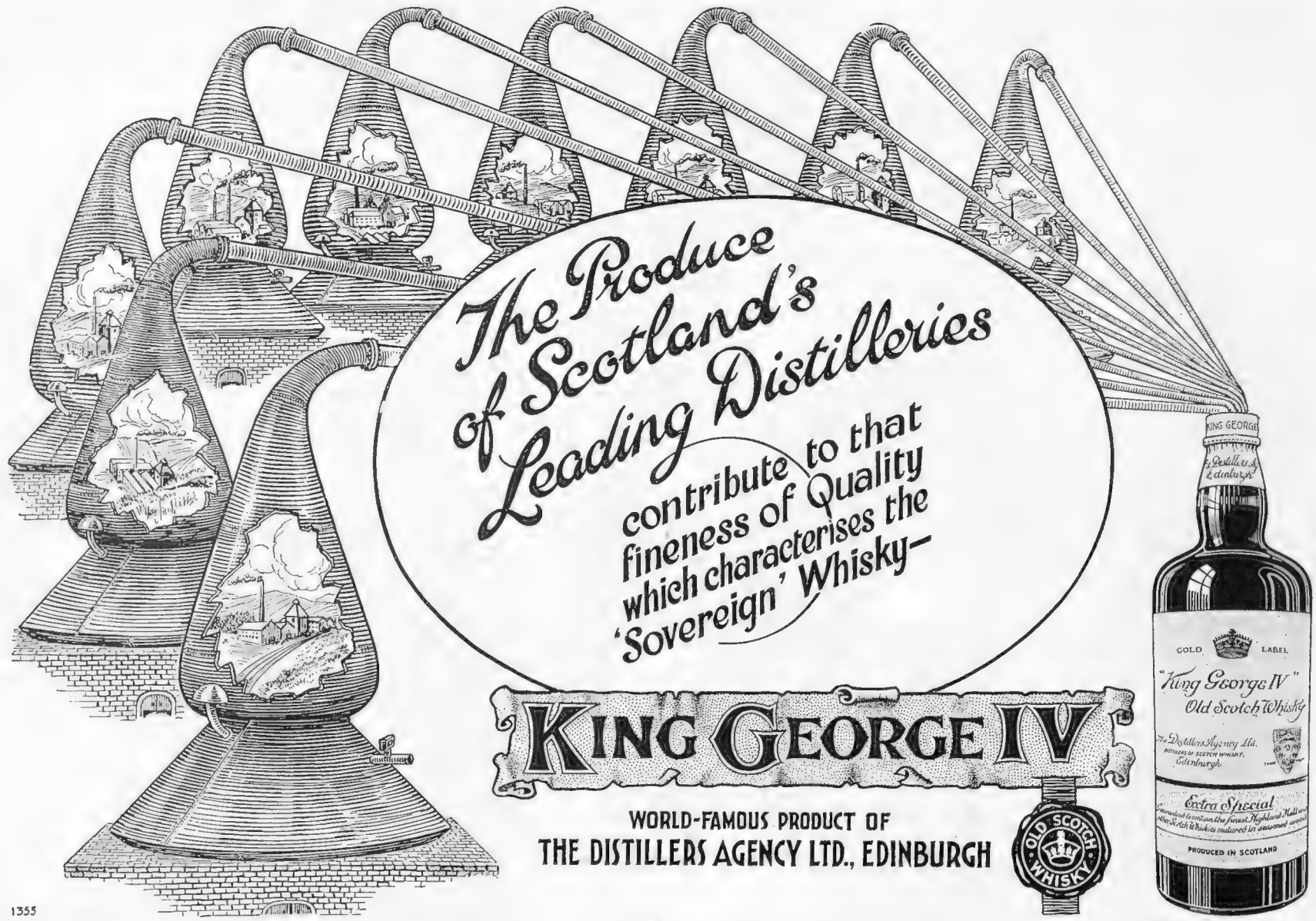
A "BABY" IN INDIA: A Morris Minor by the Kashmir Gate, Delhi. The scars of the Indian Mutiny are perceptible on the masonry

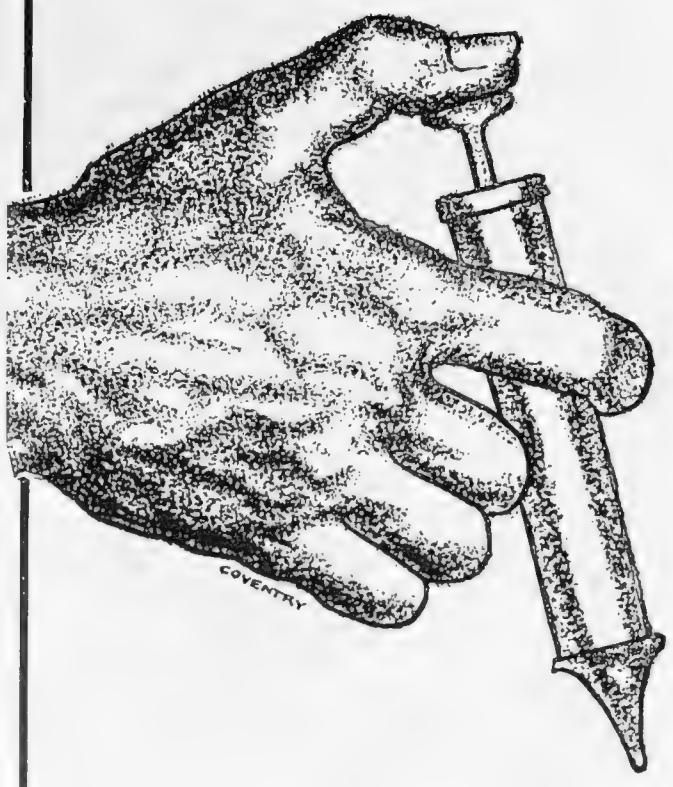


MOTORING MADE EASY: The Lanchester 15–18-h.p. six-window saloon with which is incorporated the Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear which totally obviates gear-crashing. The body is finished in maroon and black with Triplex glass throughout and a flush-fitting sunshine roof

My own view is that the manufacturers of electric bulbs for cars are making them so that they give too much light. It is quite unnecessary to have the tail- dash- and side-lamps as brilliant as one finds them to-day. As a matter of fact the majority of side-lamps are dangerously dazzling, and everyone would benefit if their intensity were considerably reduced.

THE VIBRATING TAIL-LAMP.—So far as tail- and stop-lights are concerned some of the trouble is undoubtedly due to their flimsy fitting. In many cases they are attached to a luggage carrier, a bumber bar or some part of the rear of the car which is particularly susceptible to vibration. The anchoring of the tail-lamp should be solid and we might for once in a way imitate the Americans whose design in this respect is far better than that followed by the average British manufacturer.





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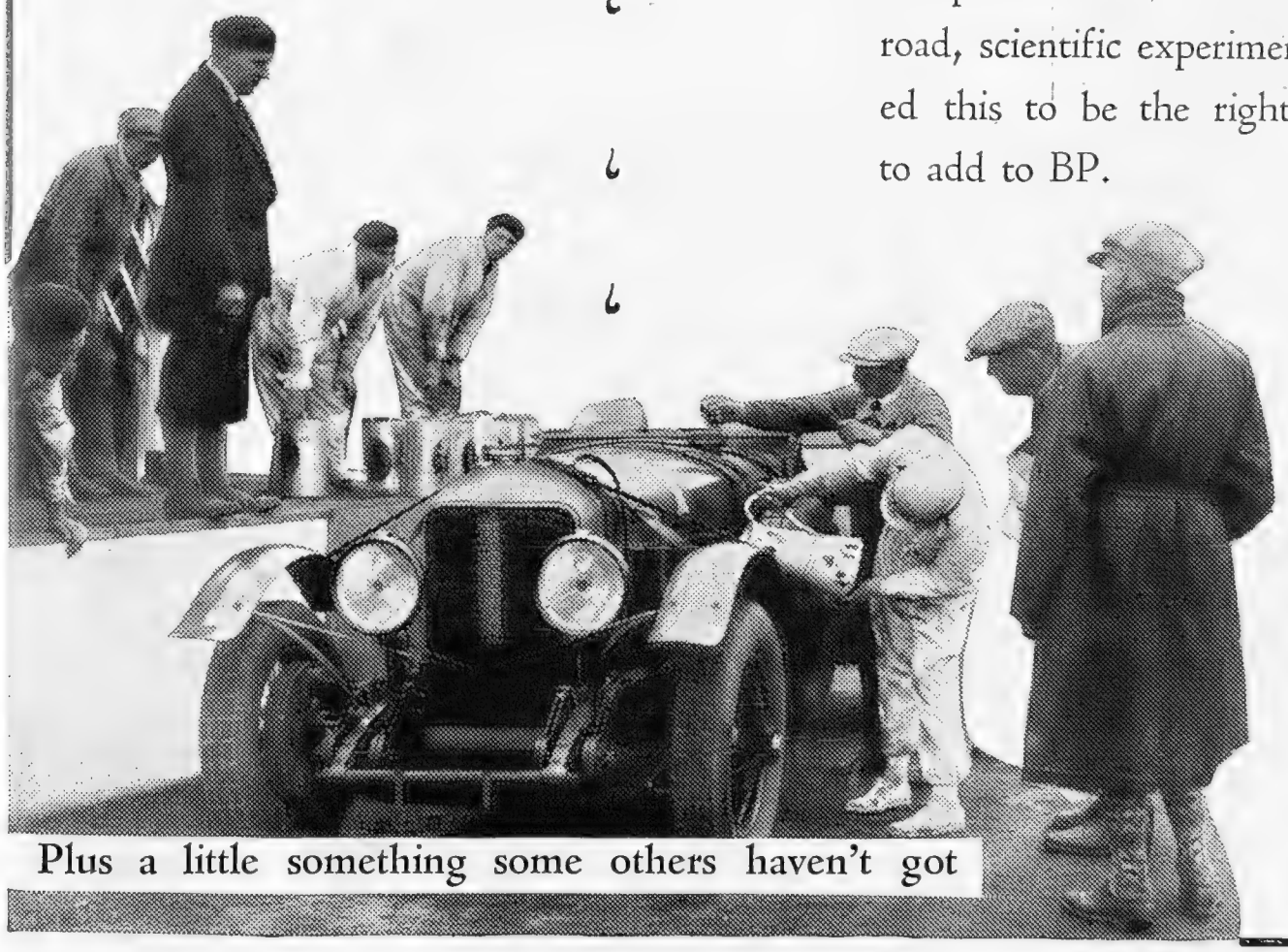

Plus a little something some others haven't got

CONTINUATIONS

THE WHOLE STATE OF HIGHLAND SPORT (Continued from p. 307)

to be a definite increase of interest among the young entry. One can well believe that there may be a swing back of the pendulum from the hectic gaieties which have been fashionable for so long to the charm of fly-fishing in pretty surroundings when there is always something to attract one's interest, whether it be a kingfisher or a rainbow. Not that fishing is any more an old man's sport than golf. It takes a strong man to wield one of those 16 ft. rods, though one must admit that in the last year or two there is an increasing demand for rods at least 3 ft. shorter than they used to be in the old days.

It certainly needs a man in the very pink of condition to go tunny-fishing off Scarborough, which is the latest and most exciting sport in the whole of the British Isles (and I include anything from boxing to deer stalking). It was only two years ago that the sport was discovered as far as England is concerned. Tunny weighing over seven hundred pounds have been caught off Scarborough, and they say that there are thousand-pounders farther out in the North Sea. Two years ago about twenty enthusiasts went to Scarborough for this sport which formerly was associated more with New Zealand. Last year there were about thirty. This year the numbers have increased again. This year the tunny is late. That is because the herrings are late, and they follow the herring fleet. You may have to go out forty miles after them, and when you have hooked one you may be towed another fourteen, as happened only the other day. To catch them you have to wear a special leather harness and have your rod fixed into a swivel-hole in the bottom of the boat. The rod is only 8 ft. long, but you need at least 600 yards of line. The procedure, once you have located the herring fleet, is to attempt to divert the tunny from it by throwing herrings overboard. The chances are, once you have hooked him, that the fight will go on for at least four hours, if he does not get away before. Enormous though they are, it is not difficult to finish them off once they are gaffed. They often kill themselves with their exertions. If they do not, it is fairly simple for the expert to tie a rope round their tail and tow them home. The water going through their gills drowns them quickly enough. It sounds a sad, strange end to such a sporting fish, but those who have done it say that the actual fight is the most thrilling experience you can possibly have in Great Britain.

PLAYS WHEN AUGUST IS HERE

(Continued from p. 317)

One enterprising management plunges a bit further afield with *Scandals of Buenos Ayres*. Thus does the *chef d'œuvre* of the late M. Albert Londres penetrate to the "smalls" of Wales and Lancashire.

The loss of young Ronald Mackenzie, the dramatist, is incalculably serious. True, his reputation rests on one play, though he has written some others which will, of course, be produced. But there are occasions when the calibre of a writer can be judged from one example, and this is one of them.

To the man who could write *Musical Chairs*, which deserves all its eulogies, the word genius can be legitimately applied. No young dramatist—Mr. Mackenzie was only twenty-nine—has ever made his debut with anything so fine, not even Mr. Noel Coward, who is rather more than twenty-nine nowadays. So many dramatists in their salad days show signs of feeling their way, which, after all, is only natural. *Musical Chairs* sprang, fully grown, from a head that not only had inventive genius of a rare order, but complete technical experience of stage-craft.

It is extraordinary that hot weather should be accepted as a matter of course as good and sufficient reason for people staying away from theatres, where they can sit down in comfort and listen to things which are intended to be amusing and sometimes actually *are* amusing. Yet on the hottest of evenings one can find the floor-space of the Queen's Hall packed with enthusiasts who stand in discomfort to listen to things which are not intended to be amusing — Brahms, for instance. There's no fun in Brahms. Yet so full was the first Brahms concert of the season (on the hottest night England has known since August, 1911) that there was not even standing-room available.

The stock comment on such a situation is, "And yet they say the English are not a musical nation." I still say that the English are not a musical nation, though more musical than the French. The whole point is that the section of the British public that *is* musical (and it is no inconsiderable one) is so magnificent in its loyalty to the great masters, and so unerring in its taste, that we have every reason to be proud of it.

A love of music is not a matter of going into ecstasies over the top notes of an expensive tenor. It can be judged only by the solid appreciation of all that is best in the art, and that one finds at the Promenade Concerts.

The "Proms" audiences, from the sprinkling of folk in evening dress in the circle to the hiker, the taximan, the city clerk, and even the confidence-trickster (yes, I have seen one of these, listening to Bach too, and obviously off duty, for there is no wealthy quarry among the promenaders) are, I declare without hesitation, the finest audience in the world—the best behaved and the most knowledgeable.

That audience has not been created by anybody or by anything other than circumstances. But its debt to Sir Henry Wood is immense. What can be said of a man who can conduct, and conduct flawlessly, a Brahms programme consisting of a suite of variations, a double concerto, and a whole symphony, who can stand up, without relaxing either physically or mentally, for an hour and fifty minutes on a stifling evening, and all at the age of sixty-two? Equally strenuous is his task night after night and week after week.

Wood is one of the wonder men of the age, indeed of all the ages.

HOLLAND SQUARES UP to the CRISIS (Cont. from p. 294)

The farmer has been luckier. He usually is, though no one expects him to admit it. A month or two ago his products were being sold at rock-bottom prices, which involved no profit at all, and frequently a loss. The Government, which is sympathetic toward agriculture, took a hand in the matter and manipulated the market to such good purpose that, for example, butter, which had been selling at 9d. a lb., rose quickly to 1s. 4d.; and with it milk, eggs, meat, and other primary products were lifted to artificial heights. It is a pity that such manipulation had to cease with the farmer, since it is evident that here, as elsewhere in the world, it is not lack of money, but the absence of economic prices, which is at the root of the evil.

In spite of all these things, Holland has a great deal upon which to congratulate itself. A shrewd and frugal race, its reserves of wealth are proving adequate to absorb the shock of crisis. It has, as it were, to give up one motor car and to combine the chauffeur's job with the gardener's. It may even be obliged to forgo winter sports and the Riviera, and be content with a summer holiday. But that is about all; and its anxious neighbours can hardly be expected to shed tears at Holland's plight. What above all it can congratulate itself upon is the fact that a Dutch Government pays little or no heed to popular clamour, but goes about its business with quiet, business-like precision; and that the people, under whatsoever strain, are equally quiet and business-like. "Our tempo has never been fast. If to-day it's a little slower than usual, we can easily fit our steps to the rhythm."

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

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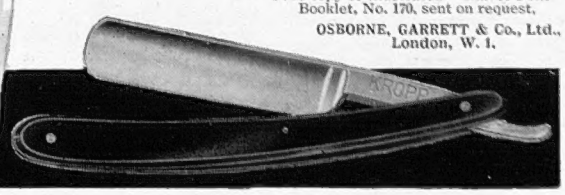

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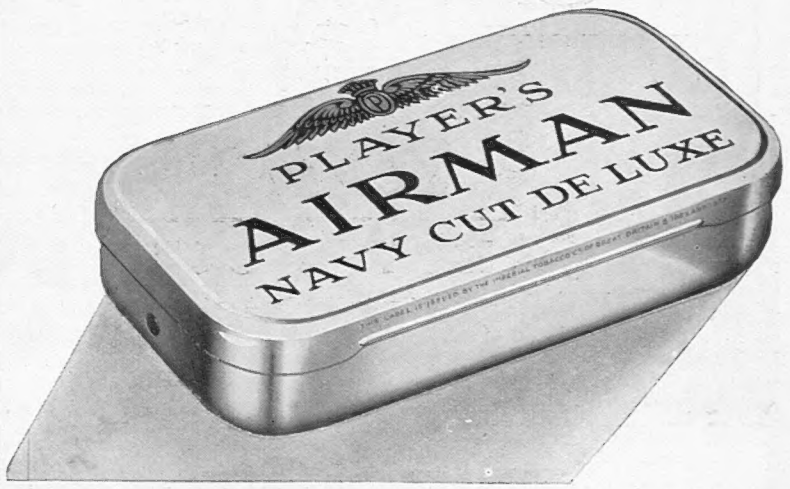

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* NOTES and NEWS *

BRITISH LIGHT CARS RECORD SPEED

Mr. C. R. Whitcroft's average of 74·23 m.p.h. in the Ulster Tourist Trophy Race last Saturday is the fastest speed at which the race has been won.

In an unsupercharged Riley Nine, lubricated with Wakefield Castrol oil, Mr. Whitcroft beat the previous fastest winning speed set up three years ago by an international "ace" in a German car with an engine six times as large, which was, in addition, supercharged.

Mr. G. E. T. Eyston's Riley which came second was also lubricated with Castrol, and both the winner and runner-up used Castrollo upper cylinder lubricating oil.

ITALIAN TRAVEL

The Italian State Tourist Department (ENIT) which is under the control of the new High Commissioner for the tourist traffic, whose direct chief is Signor Mussolini, will, from August 15, have its London office at 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. The Italian Travel Bureau which has hitherto been in these premises will be discontinued.

The ENIT will not issue travel tickets, but an expert staff will give information and advice on all travel matters concerning Italy; a large variety of illustrated and descriptive printed matter will be available.

Major W. Stormont, who for some years past has acted as delegate in London of the ENIT and at the same time has had the management of the Italian Travel Bureau, will be in control of the ENIT office. In the same premises he is in charge of the agency of the Italia Line. He is also the Chief Consul for Great Britain of the Italian Touring Club (400,000 members) and a councillor of the Italian Chamber of Commerce in London.

Major Stormont has been associated with the Italian travel interests for nearly twenty years. Part of his war service was spent with the British Forces in Italy.

GOOD NEWS FOR MEN

A reduction in price in the ever-popular "Luvisca" shirts and pyjamas is announced by the manufacturers, and a "Luvisca" shirt with two collars to match can now be obtained from leading hosiers and outfitters for 10s. 6d. and a suit of "Luvisca" pyjamas for 17s. 6d. This price represents a considerable reduction.

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AN ALL-BRITISH INDUSTRY

More than 75 per cent. of the petrol refined in this country last year was refined by the proprietors of Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd., according to figures issued yesterday.

They now have refineries in six different districts: Llandarcy, Shellhaven, Grangemouth, Pumpherston, Stanlow, and Uphall.

A CORRECTION

In THE SPHERE of August 13, it was erroneously stated that the old Beachy Head Lighthouse, "Belle Tout," situate on the summit of the cliffs — the new lighthouse stands, of course, in the sea at their foot — was now a tea palace. In fact, Belle Tout Lighthouse was acquired some time ago as a private week-end residence by Sir James and Lady Purves-Stewart.

As we are informed that the owners are frequently incommoded by tourists and trippers, we especially desire to correct our inadvertent inaccuracy, based upon obsolete information, and to offer our apologies to Sir James and Lady Purves-Stewart for any inconvenience our error may have caused.

THE B.M.A. CENTENARY CELEBRATED AT BAD NAUHEIM: The centennial of the British Medical Association (August 3—5) was marked by the visit of a number of distinguished physicians from the British Dominions to Bad Nauheim. Above, from left to right, Dr. Brown of South Africa, Herr F. G. Meier, Managing Director of Bad Nauheim, Dr. Woolf of South Africa, Dr. Paton, President of the Medical Congress, Australia, Dr. Maclean of Australia, Dr. Simpson of New Zealand, Dr. Schott of Bad Nauheim, Dr. Shield of Australia

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With regard to the leak sprung by the *Arethusa* Training Ship reported in our last week's issue, we now understand that the diver has been at work, and the repairs have amounted to £63. This is a very serious item for the Society to have to meet in these days. Will readers of THE SPHERE kindly help? The headquarters of the Society are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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At the Paris Offices of *The Illustrated London News*, *The Graphic*, *The Sphere*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65–67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32 Kurfürstendamm, there is a very comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of all the "Great Eight" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on Hotels, Travel, Amusements, Shops, and the Despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

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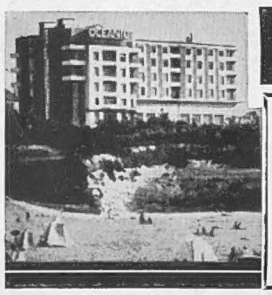

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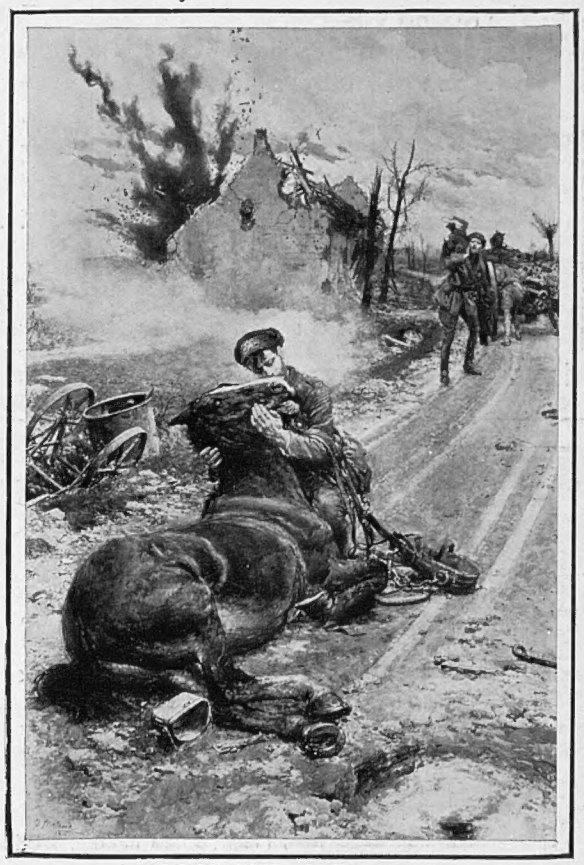

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Barmouth - Marine Hotel
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Buxton - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - The Old Hall Hotel
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Cheddar - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - Ellenborough Hotel
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Do. - Pyatt's Hotel
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Cliftonville - Grand Hotel
Do. - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - Lion Hotel
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Derby - Friary Hotel
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Do. - Spread Eagle
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Do. - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
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Do. - Thurlestone Hotel
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Torquay - Allerdale Hotel
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Do. - Grand Hotel
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"The elephant rolled like a boat on a wind-less ground swell, and the sun beat down like hot brass. There was neither road nor trace of human footstep. The mahout, who was more than half-asleep, allowed the elephant to choose his own way in the general direction of the rock-ribbed hills. Chullunder Ghose sat upright underneath a black umbrella, because he could not otherwise, with any comfort, hold the thing between his fat face and the sun. Larry O'Hara sat on the other side of the howdah, also upright, because anything whatever interested him. He had the kind of blue-grey eyes that only sleep at night, and even then as trigger-lightly as a watch-dog's.

"Sahib," said the babu, "we have a proverb that the hypocrite asks always for the bird, but that the valorous man asks only for the bow and arrows."

"Well, what of it?" asked O'Hara.

"This obese and talkative babu, intimidated by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, is a Hamlet who has seen what U.S.A. Americans would call a lot of hot stuff, and a lot more cheap baloney. Life is like that: two-thirds hokum. And the other third is nearly nine-tenths stupid. Just about a tenth of one per cent. of life is hell and heaven, mixed into a drunken and beautiful madness. But that is enough. I am mad. You are mad. This elephant is mad. And so is Lalla Lingo. *Verb sap.*"

"What's wrong with the elephant?" O'Hara asked him.

"He obeys us. He could shake us off, and roll the howdah off, and run to where a hundred elephants are roaming wild and uncontaminated by a sense of duty."

"Lalla Lingo?"

"Is a man of many talents, without philosophy enough to cherish them beneath a sense of humour in the autocratic solitude he might enjoy if he were only not a propagandist. Think of him. He owns a village, whose inhabitants believe he is a god in an imported suit of Palm Beach reach-me-downs. It is an honour if he takes their women. It is privilege to them to build his house, and grow his corn, and bring him meat. He has his books, his European education, and an income that is ample for exotic needs. And yet he wants more. So he subsidizes murder—"

"We don't actually know that," said O'Hara

"And he subsidizes the police—"

O'Hara interrupted: "That is also something that we can't prove . . ."

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All Azalea's life reluctant people, looking shame-faced, had constantly come to her and said they were ready to do something for her that previously they had sworn they would never do.

In 1909, a mere Saul among prophets, on witnessing the defeat by Azalea, aged four, of her septuagenarian grandfather (educated Eton and Balliol College, Oxford; called to the bar in 1860; Q.C. 1871; King's Bench Judge 1889; Victorian to the backbone, irascible and unbending) in a battle of wills that ended in Sir Mervyn obediently crawling on her mother's dusty drawing room carpet beneath a moth-eaten tiger-skin rug, would have predicted a masterful career for the auburn-haired imp on whose bronze eyes anger seemed to encrust a greenish patina.

Nurses, their bodies stiffened by whalebone, their wills indurated and their wits sharpened by years of conflict with nursery mutineers, either walked the plank or laid down not only their arms but their entire personalities for Azalea to trample on. Other servants—even butlers who called her the little devil in their pantries—after suffering the pressure of Azalea's thumb in silence, only maintained that sturdy independence of character, which is the British domestic's birthright, by subsequently being covertly ruder than usual to Azalea's parents. . . ."

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Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *August 27, 1932.* Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.